

THE TUNNELS OF MANCHURIA MICHAEL CHINOV

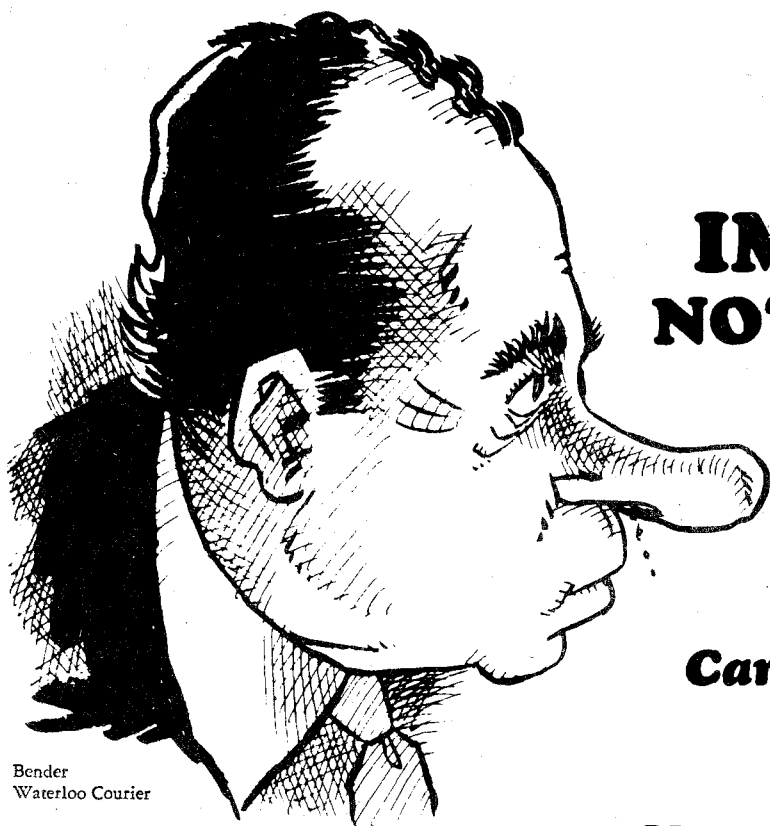
THE

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IMPEACHMENT NOT IF, BUT WHEN

Arlie Schardt

'What, in Our House?'
THE OFF-KEY VOICE
OF RICHARD NIXON

Carl Cohen & Robert Green

Veterans of the Wrong War
THE VERTIGO OF HOMECOMING CARYL RIVERS

Kermit Vanderbilt / Writers of the Troubled '60s

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LETTERS

lumpen

New York City

DEAR SIR: In *The Nation* of November 26, Harold Clurman speaks of a new play, *Boom Boom Room* (that I haven't seen) in which the author seeks an image of American culture in the "lowest working class." To me, that would seem a very promising and original project if the phrase meant what one would first expect it to mean—sanitation men, roadworkers, domestic servants, any who do the humblest fetching and carrying. What it does mean, Clurman tells us, is go-go girls. That again! For a hundred years now, writers who have ventured to write about the proletariat have, as it turned out, only tackled the *Lumpenproletariat*. Great art has been produced in this vein, most notably the art of Chaplin which honors, not the worker but the idler, the bum—not organized labor but the disorganized individual, the bohemian. In *Limelight*, Chaplin went in for the romanticism of the theatre—a particular theatre, not that of the boulevards but of the back alleys, the theatre of the *Lumpenproletariat*. Nearer to the present, one thinks of John Osborne's hoover, William Inge's chanteuse, and so on.

Do these symbols still have life today? Why are our writers silent about the workers in the mainstream of labor, the workers of U.S. Steel, Ford and GM? Surely there is a very dangerous gap between the intelligentsia and the actual "masses" of America 1973. Am I indulging my own romanticism if I suggest the possibility that the artistic intelligence might contribute to bridging this gap? . . .

Eric Bentley

In *The Nation* of Nov. 5, Harold Clurman reviewed David Storey's *The Contractor* whose characters (workers at work, Mr. Clurman points out) might come closer to what Mr. Bentley seeks.

Editors

anti-Armstrong

Madison, Wis.

DEAR SIR: In "The Madison Bombing: Watershed Between the Decades" [*The Nation*, Nov. 26], Daniel Schwartz would like to have it believed that all the people and students of Madison were in support of Karl Armstrong's position. This is a gross misrepresentation of the facts. . . .

Mr. Schwartz conveniently ignores, for example, the activities of the student organization called "The Sterling Hall Defense Committee" which was formed to show the flaws in the Armstrong defense logic. . . . [He] also chose to leave out that the other student newspaper, *The Badger Herald*, in its editorials, consistently opposed the Armstrong position. . . . There are at present almost 36,000 students registered at the Madison campus and only a couple of hundred showed up to protest the sentencing of Armstrong, hardly what would be envisioned as a "spontaneous rally of revenge. . . ."

Gerald Lerman

an idea for the U.N.

Middletown, Conn.

DEAR SIR: In "The United Nations: Elderly Orphan" (*The Nation*, Oct. 22) Shirley Hazzard deplores the failure of the U.N. and pleads for constructive ideas. A body composed partly of dictators seems to me intrinsically unstable. The most to hope for in the way of an effective international body is probably one composed solely of democracies, or at least semi-democracies such as France, such as the United States was in the beginning, or the Nordic Council (Scandinavia and Finland). This new body would have to be built up outside the present U.N. It would be expanded to take in new nations as soon as they held elections which the member nations felt to be truly democratic.

This method would offend a lot of dictators. I don't know of any other.

Tertius Chandler

EDITORIALS

Critical Choices

The National Commission on Critical Choices for America, first formed by Gov. Nelson Rockefeller as a state study panel but later elevated to the status of a national commission at the request of President Nixon, has just held its first meeting in New York. The commission certainly has its work cut out for it. In one sense it was set up about twenty years too late, since some of the policy choices were made then. As a people we seem reluctant to consider critical choices until circumstances force us to face dilemmas. For the last quarter century the country has followed a guns-and-butter policy, despite the fact that national priorities were being steadily distorted; but as long as it was possible to have guns and butter, it was impossible to order national priorities in a rational way. So we made improvident commitments, on the assumption that we would have the resources necessary to meet them, in particular the fuel required by a modern army, navy and air force.

Now the binge is about over. Civilians were perfectly willing to let the military have its fuel, as long as no significant inroads were made on domestic needs, convenience and profits. After all, constantly increasing defense appropriations stimulated the prevailing prosperity and were regarded as indispensable to the economic well-being of particular communities. But now the choice comes: how shall limited fuel resources be shared between the military and civilian sectors? Of course it is really no contest, since the Defense Production Act of 1950, reactivated by President Nixon on November 1, gives the DOD first claim on petroleum supplies. The department has already imposed a forced allocation of 19.7 million barrels for the next two months to replace an equivalent amount previously purchased overseas and consumed there. To make sure that it gets what it wants, Vice Admiral Eli T. Reich, one of the toughest officers in the Navy, has taken charge of the Office of Petroleum allocation in the Interior Department and brought in fifteen retired or active duty officers to assist him. The AP (November 27) quotes the Admiral's blunt warning to Interior Department civilians, "We're going to do a job—my way. And that's the military way."

Sen. William Proxmire comments on a DOD promise to cut back overall consumption by 11 per cent, arguing that, even if the commitment is carried out, it is not enough. A 50 per cent reduction in military aircraft operations alone would save more than 200,000 barrels of oil a day, without endangering national security—at least, such is the Senator's view. The Minuteman missiles, the bomber fleet and the Polaris and Poseidon submarines would not be touched. Savings could also be made by grounding 178 personal planes used by high-ranking officers worldwide, and sixty-two helicopters in the Washington area. Huge economies could be made by reducing permanent changes of station and other travel in the services. On any one day 89,000 military personnel are on the move. And "since one-half of defense petroleum is consumed overseas, it would be logical to expect that some of our 2,000 major and minor installations abroad

would be cut back or reduced to inactive status. . . ."

Even if the DOD gets what it seeks for the armed services, important cutbacks might well be made in fuel consumed by the South Vietnamese. We are supplying about \$95 million of petroleum to keep the civilian economy going in South Vietnam, which is bad enough. But, as Rep. Robert Kastenmeier points out, it is insupportable that we are now shipping a further 22,000 barrels of oil a day to fuel Thieu's military ambitions (the *Congressional Record*, November 29). Not only do we waste the taxpayer's money in support of misconceived policies but we take away his heat and mobility as well. "Who," Kastenmeier asked his colleagues, "are we representing?"

The Vietcong can read the American press. On December 3 they lobbed some mortar shells into South Vietnam's largest oil depot, destroying some 18 million gallons (about 45,000 barrels). That is between a third and a half of South Vietnam's reserves. A U.S. official remarked wryly: "There will be less oil laying (*sic*) around for Communist forces to steal."

The time has come when critical decisions can no longer be straddled. The choice is still ours, but not the option of whether we shall choose.

The Lengthening List

The casualty list of the aides and servitors of Richard Nixon is mounting. The loyal and obliging Melvin Laird is so eager for compassionate leave that almost every day another story announcing his imminent departure appears in the press. Obviously he can hardly wait for Gerald Ford to be sworn in as Vice President so that he can hie himself off to some pre-selected haven in Wisconsin, there to wait out the impeachment proceeding.

Then there is the depressing story of J. Fred Buzhardt. J. Fred has been cut off at the knees by Ronald Ziegler who, one might have thought, would be among the first to exit but who may well turn out to be the sole survivor. Ziegler has developed an unexpected talent: he is a deft executioner. J. Fred was clearly out of his depth in Nixon's Byzantine White House (nor is he a match for those bright young barristers, Richard Ben-Veniste and Jill Wine Volner). But he had been committing legal and public relations blunders long before he got into Judge Sirica's courtroom. When a President feels compelled to honor patronage requests from the likes of Sen. J. Strom Thurmond of South Carolina he inevitably runs the risk of being served by second-raters.

Consider next John Love, who resigned as Governor of Colorado five months ago to become Mr. Nixon's "energy czar." The word czar epitomizes the ultimate in final, independent, nonappealable authority (as Kenesaw Mountain Landis was the "czar" of organized baseball). Poor Mr. Love has discovered that around Richard Nixon there are supernumeraries but no Peter the Greats. The intention was not to go for his knees but to leave him twisting slowly in the wind as a minor functionary of the new office set up to supersede the bureaucratic kingdom of which he was, for a week or two, the czar. At least Mr. Love had enough personal dignity to refuse to hang around. He is a decent man and will be much happier back in Denver.

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There are others. Gen. Alexander Haig learned at West Point how to carry on, rain or shine, but he is fully aware of the risks of his new office. "I feel as though I've taken over a battalion that has just been overrun," he is quoted by Lawrence Stern in *The Washington Post*. To date, he has survived several crises, but one has a feeling that he will not be able to hack it indefinitely. Stern reports that Haig's friend, Joseph Califano, thinks "he's being eaten up. He's being put through a political and moral shredder. It's tough to see a friend go down that way. Nixon, in searching for a way out of Watergate, could destroy Haig."

Indeed he could. Charles Alan Wright is a lawyer of distinction who makes a point of being treated with respect—fatal shortcoming for a man who would serve Richard Nixon. Mr. Wright is back in Texas and, somehow, one has the feeling he will not return.

Then, of course, there is Leon Jaworski. Just who tapped him is not known with certainty, but he came out of the Connally-Johnson-Tower-Democratic-Republican nexus of Texas conservatism, and better political credentials a man could not have in the eyes of the President. But here again the awkward quality of pride has upset what might have been a beautiful relationship. Mr. Jaworski is a good lawyer, a former president of the venerable American Bar Association, which has experienced of recent years a remarkable "greening." Moreover, Mr. Jaworski is served by a splendid staff of brilliant young hell-raisers carefully recruited by Archibald Cox. The eyes of Texas may not be upon him, but the eyes of those staffers are and they have sharp vision. Jaworski is aware of what happened to Richardson, Cox and Ruckelshaus, and he knows that Ziegler has been making uncomplimentary remarks behind his back. If he sleeps well, it is because he has a clear conscience, not because he is secure in his present post.

For the moment, Henry Kissinger enjoys a special immunity. He is the one bright performing star in this dreary Administration, but he is shrewd and must therefore recognize that his tenure is not unlimited. In fact, he probably would have left Washington before now if Mr. Rogers had not vacated the prized post of Secretary of State. Kissinger cannot, in the nature of things, recapture the glow of the visits to Peking and Moscow, and he functions now in a field that is heavily mined. Sooner or later he must go, if only for the reason that the President cannot feel really at ease, so it is reported, with any one other than Bebe Rebozo.

The President and Rebozo hit it off splendidly because each respects the desire of the other for silence and secrecy and no questions asked. Which brings us to Rose Mary Woods, the most loyal of secretaries, and her lawyer, Charles Rhyne. Rose Mary dotes on the President and would gladly jump from the Washington Monument at his bidding, happy in the thought that she had saved him from impeachment. But, alas, Rose Mary took her foot off the pedal at the wrong time. Having embarrassed the President and his staff by her inability to stretch, she was rather grimly told by General Haig to seek her own counsel. She had thought that she was represented by two White House lawyers, but it turned out that they were representing Richard Nixon. So she

wisely retained Mr. Rhyne, a brilliant lawyer, another former president of the American Bar Association, and an old Duke Law School friend of the President. In another person that might create a conflict-of-interest situation, but Mr. Rhyne is the kind of lawyer who represents one client at a time and just now he is representing Rose Mary Woods. At the moment, Mr. Rhyne and his client are among the living but for how long? In the end it is likely to come down to Haig and Ziegler and Garment, plus Rebozo and the Cuban valet. Mrs. Nixon and the girls are and will remain loyal and, for the time being, the two sons-in-law are standing firm. But as for the rest, all must feel some sense of hazard; too many people have been cut off at the knees and left to twist slowly in the wind.

The New Way

A widespread misconception has it that the fundraising scandals of Nixon's 1972 campaign were in the familiar bipartisan pattern that has long prevailed. But differences in degree can mount to a difference in kind. What we are discovering about Campaign '72 is "the new way" it went about raising large campaign war chests. A recent interview which Frank Wright of the *Minneapolis Tribune* conducted with an unnamed campaign official who had worked closely with Maurice Stans in a major state provides the most illuminating description of this process that has yet appeared (it was placed in the *Congressional Record* by Senator Mondale on November 28).

At the outset Stans made it clear that state officials would have to raise their sights and do things his way. For one thing, there would have to be less emphasis on "old wealth." Not that Maury has anything against old wealth; he likes wealth, old or new. But, as he explained it, "old wealth is dried out, largely." It was great in 1920, but now those geezers in the leather club chairs have grown spoiled and stingy; they want their names on letterheads but will give you only \$500. As Stans put it, "You have got to get the Paliafitos." Who? Well, to be specific, Robert Paliafito, a "new-wealth" type who is president of National Health Enterprises of Milwaukee, a firm that operates nursing homes and provides supporting services. For some inexplicable reason the Wisconsin Republicans hadn't tapped Paliafito but the Nixon finance chairman in Nebraska heard of him, made the contact, and got \$30,000 "just like that." What bothered Maury was this Republican habit of sticking to the *Social Register*. That is a point to observe about "the new way."

But Maury Stans also uses a different style. To demonstrate it, he arranged for the unnamed state official to set up a breakfast meeting with "a guinea pig, a guy who ordinarily wouldn't give a lot of money." The state official told Mr. Wright: "I have never sat through anything like that," meaning the breakfast session. "Stans never tried to sell. He was cold, and he dominated the conversation. It was not a warm thing. He was intimidating." First, he explained that when he was Secretary of Commerce he had had many run-ins with William Ruckelshaus who then headed the Environmental Protection Agency. Stans explained that he had had to force

Ruckelshaus "to loosen up" on certain regulations by going directly to the President. Turning to the guinea pig, he said: "We can't let this environmental thing just take us right over the cliff," it is a matter of concern to "all Americans, but especially to guys like you." Then he proceeded to berate the guinea pig for ignoring an invitation to join an industrial advisory commission that Stans had set up to lobby for pollution laws of "the kind business can live with." Finally, and quite coldly, he said: "Your assessment is \$10,000." It was paid the next day.

Later Stans gave the state chairman three rules on which "the new way" is based. First, know your man, and to what extent he can give. Second, name your amount before he can name his. Third, make it a point to emphasize the dreadful things that might happen if "the Democratic guy" should become President. Every now and then Stans would phone and tell the state chairman whom to see, "and it was often a guy we hadn't heard of"—i.e., a new-wealth guy. One such Maury hit up for \$200,000. "The guy told me later he was stunned, just stunned. . . . But he gave it all." Some of them would hand the state chairman their check "and look up to heaven as if they were saying, 'Well, I have just been visited by an angel of Christ's death.' They always looked to me like they had been sort of extorted. Most of them tended to be in fairly big businesses that were fairly heavily regulated by the federal government. Maury was a cold, hard SOB. He lived on fear. But it got results."

Indeed it did. On December 1, a prominent architect told the Chicago press that at Stans's insistence he had given \$50,000, after his firm (Lester B. Knight Associates, Inc.) had received a federal contract worth nearly \$1 million. Just hours before the April 7, 1972 reporting deadline, the president of one of the largest Southern textile firms, Deering-Milliken, Inc., personally delivered \$363,000 to Maurice Stans who, as Secretary of Commerce, had been kind to the textile industry.

Many similar instances could be cited. In most cases, the contributor now insists that there was no connection between the gift and the favor which, in some instances, had been bestowed before the contribution was solicited. But even in those cases, a *quid pro quo*, past, present, or future, was clearly involved. Eileen Shanahan, referring to the testimony of some of the executives of large corporate donors, writes (in *The New York Times*): "The unavoidable summary of what they were saying was that Mr. Stans and Mr. Kalmbach were selling 'protection'—that what happened wasn't bribery but extortion." But the real point—as the motion picture industry discovered in the late 1930s, when it had to deal with the late Willie Bioff, of Chicago—is that the line between bribery and extortion is usually pretty thin and often cannot be found. To state it another way, a "contribution" is often a bribe that has been extorted.

Presidential fund raisers have always used somewhat dubious methods, but today the close relations between government and business have given these methods a new flavor. "Enforcers" for the mob could not be more insistent in demanding "protection" payoffs than were the President's fund raisers when they applied their "new way" to "new money" in 1972.

Kicking the Habit

The habit Americans must learn to kick is not three martinis for lunch or heroin in a back alley but the practice, inculcated by their leaders, of consuming a third of the world's available energy (with only 6 per cent of the world's population). A small initial step, proposed by Rep. William E. Minshall of Ohio, would be to permit a federal tax write-off of the cost of fares paid by persons who use mass transportation to travel to and from their places of employment. His work on the Department of Transportation Appropriations Subcommittee has shown him that some 81 per cent of Americans drive their cars to their jobs. Such a measure might induce an appreciable number of workers to leave their gas guzzlers at home and travel by bus or train. In the aggregate, if the plan were adopted, the tax loss would be substantial, but the individual benefits would not be directly inflationary. And, in a generally gloomy outlook, it would be a measure popular out of all proportion to what the taxpayer would gain.

Something of the kind has been tried in Seattle. Within a 105-square-block area in downtown Seattle, passengers pay nothing to ride the busses. Downtown bus patronage has risen 56 per cent, an increase of 11,000 riders per day. The City Council has allocated \$64,000, the estimated cost of financing free downtown rides—which officials wryly note is just about the amount they would have to pay a consultant for a feasibility study.

Transit schemes which involve subsidies are not necessarily inequitable, although people tend to jump to that conclusion. In Chicago, a regional transit authority has been created by the Illinois legislature to coordinate and help finance subway, bus and commuter service in the city and five surrounding counties. The measure ran into opposition from Republican legislators who objected to subsidizing commuter and inner-city travel that their constituents would not be using. What automobile commuters overlook are the huge subsidies they have received over past decades in the form of high-speed roads.

Incentives are needed to induce short-sighted motorists to abandon their wasteful mode of travel and come to realize that a national problem exists and they are part of the problem. There are signs already that new ways of thinking are beginning to take hold. Hays, Kan., north of and between Dodge City and Wichita, lost its train service two years ago and has had its already meager airline service cut in half because, says the airline, it is short of fuel. Hundreds or thousands of towns across the country are in a similar situation. The Hays Chamber of Commerce has seen the handwriting on the wall. Its manager reports that until recently they were lobbying as hard as they could against diverting any part of the Highway Trust Fund to mass transit. Now, says the manager, they are all for using the highway fund for mass transit in the cities and for subsidizing train service in localities like western Kansas.

The trials ahead are irksome, or worse. There may be not merely inconvenience but real suffering out on the prairie, when not only gasoline but fuel oil is in short supply. But Americans have been adaptable before—and they had better be now.

THE VERTIGO OF HOMECOMING

CARYL RIVERS

*The Longest War is over
Or so they say
Again
But I can still hear the gunfire
From
My Bed.*

"The Longest War," Jan Barry

Cambridge

On a gray day, leaden skies dripping rain, the sign seemed the only patch of color for miles around. Pavement, houses, trees, all looked bled of color by the rain, but the bright red, white and blue sign makes no concession to the drizzle—WELCOME HOME CAMBRIDGE VETERANS.

It is addressed to the native sons of Cambridge, Mass., the ones who went off to war and escaped the body bags. Does it lift the veteran's spirits, this sign, or does it make him want to curse, or laugh? To me the sign seems pitiful, forlorn; but then I remember VJ day. I was 8 years old on VJ day, and I marched with the other kids through the streets, banging on pans and singing. I felt a sweet pride for the gold braid on my father's Navy jacket. All the men who went to war came back heroes. But when I spoke the name of the hero of the hour, Gen. Douglas MacArthur, to my grandmother, her eyes narrowed: "That terrible man! He shined up his brass and got on his white horse to drive the poor veterans out of Washington!"

It was the first I knew of the Bonus Army, that ragtag band of World War I veterans who marched on Washington in 1932, demanding early payment of their veterans' bonus. They were driven out of the city, some of them running with their medals flapping against their chests, by tanks and cavalry.

So the sign, Welcome Home Cambridge Veterans, is not much, but better than the flat side of a cavalry saber. The Vietnam vets may not know of the Bonus Army, but they have heard about their fathers' war, the Good War. Theirs has been a Bad War and sometimes people ask them: "Did you burn any babies over there?" Other people seem to know little and care less. One Cambridge veteran spent a year in combat and when he came home a neighbor spotted him and said, "Haven't seen you around." The vet said, "I was at school," and the neighbor said, "Oh," and that was that.

It is as if they had been snatched out of life by some unexpected whirlwind like the one in *The Wizard of Oz* and dropped into a nightmare kingdom of death, jungle rot and boredom, where they felt the hate of a small, alien people and counted corpses for Brownie points.

Caryl Rivers is the author of Aphrodite at Midcentury: Growing Up Female and Catholic in Post-War America (Doubleday). She is on the faculty of the School of Public Communications, Boston University.

The poems here quoted are taken from *Winning Hearts and Minds*, a collection of war poetry by Vietnam Veterans, published by McGraw-Hill (\$3.95; paper \$1.95).

Then the cyclone picked them up and put them down again on the streets they had left. The flow of their lives has a break in it that the rest of us do not share. Sometimes they feel they are running to catch up with us, and sometimes they stare past us, seeing things we do not see.

*Streets quiet and wet
Green bags of garbage and leaves
Neatly placed by the road.
Abruptly another scene pierces my mind
Other green bags are remembered
Neatly placed by the road.
Green bags made from ponchos
Bags with legs sticking out the bottoms
A nightmare awaiting the man from glad.*

"The Walk," Charles M. Purcell

If there is a phrase, something that sums it up for all of them, hawks and doves, lifers and draftees, it may be this, from a vet named Tom Connors who took a sniper's bullet in his spine and lives now in a wheelchair: "Bad timing. It was just bad timing. We got the wrong war at the wrong time." It was bad timing to be sent off to a war that nobody liked, and that everybody now wants forgotten. And it was bad timing to come home from that war in the middle of a recession.

They stand in line for "chickenshit" jobs they really do not want. They fill out forms in unemployment offices. (The national unemployment rate for veterans aged 20 to 24 has shot up as high as 9 per cent. Among disadvantaged vets the rate soars up 20 per cent or more.) Sometimes they explode. "I've had Vietnam vets come in here and blow their stacks and go stomping out," says the director of veterans' services for the city of Cambridge. "They say, 'I spent a year in Vietnam and I want a job!' But I can't just pull a job out of my hat."

Few of the veterans expected parades, but they are at first baffled, then furious, when Vietnam counts against them. "It wasn't until after I was out that I realized what a fucking-over I got," says one 28-year-old veteran. "I applied for a job with a company and I was told I had the job. But they found out I was getting disability for a back injury. Then they said, 'We can't use you.' I wanted to go through the fucking roof! That \$22 a month disability has caused me more fucking trouble!"

They do not understand why the G.I. Bill is not the same for them as it was for their fathers and uncles. A bullet in Hue could be as lethal as a bullet on Guam. (The G.I. Bill gives veterans a monthly stipend, but no longer pays tuition.) "They hustled hard to get what they got," says one vet whose father fought in World War II. "But I played the same game. Why should I be discriminated against because I was born thirty years too late?"

Talking to the Vietnam veterans, I sometimes try to visualize them in the future. When they are their fathers' age, will they wear little caps with emblems on them and gather at the bar of the VFW or Legion post to swap war stories? Perhaps, but I wonder. Everywhere I go, in city offices, V.A. offices, I hear the same phrase: "They're different."

"They're more aware of politics and economics than the World War II vet or the Korean vet" says one V.A. official. "They're a different breed. They come in here and they see our jackets and ties and the flag on the wall and they say, 'Oh wow!' It turns them off. They ask questions and they want answers. They don't always get them."

For many G.I.s in Vietnam, the enemy turned out to be the Army, not the V.C. The veterans do not share the indulgent tolerance of my father's generation toward the meaningless rules, the "Mickey Mouse" regulations of military life. In Vietnam, the spit and polish second louie could be a candidate for "fragging." The Vietnam veteran is often wary, suspicious of bureaucracy. More often than not, when I asked a vet, "Have you been to the V.A.?" the answer was a derisive snort.

It is no help that the V.A. is badly in need of reform, as most V.A. officials are frank to admit. The hospitals, in particular, are understaffed, and outdated regulations hinder modern, effective treatment. But legislation that would have significantly reformed the structure and methods of the V.A. is in limbo. It was passed by Congress and vetoed by the President in 1972. The reason: too costly.

*Yea as I walk through the valley of death
I shall fear no evil
For the valleys are gone
And only death awaits
And I am the evil*

"And Then There Were None," Stan Platke

It is a fraternity. Not the kind I used to know, with pink-cheeked young men, glassy-eyed from beer, comparing notes on the penetration of a co-ed's defenses. The young men are the same age as the ones I knew, but the ceremonies of initiation are darker, rites of real blood. They are brothers, but not in the sense of "We few, we happy few" who fought with Henry V. They are a brotherhood of Dorothys, spirited off to their grotesque Oz, where the rules no longer applied; where children stole from corpses, the saved spat on the saviors and a man could say, "We had to destroy the city in order to save it." These veterans are brothers in a fraternity of the unreal, the absurd, the victimized and—sometimes—the guilty.

In the introduction to *Winning Hearts and Minds*, three of the poets write: "Previous war poems have traditionally placed the blame directly on others. What distinguishes the voices in this volume is their progression towards an active identification of themselves as agents of pain and war—as agent-victims of their own atrocities. The recognition came quickly to some and haltingly to others, but it always came with pain and the conviction that there is no return to innocence."

It is true that America's Vietnam veterans may no more be stereotyped than may any other segment of the

population. They are individuals. One man who has killed sweats in nightmare, while another sleeps the sleep of the just. But they do share two crucial things: the war and their generation. The latter may be the key to their self-identity, more crucial than religion or region or national origin. It is safe to say that few found Vietnam a happy experience. Whether the vet grumbles that we should have nuked Hanoi, or denounces the United States as a nation of imperialist murderers, Vietnam marked him. Homecoming for him was like stepping off a merry-go-round. His feet are motionless on the ground, but his head is spinning some place else.

"I came back and I felt like a criminal. Everybody else was into peace and love and I was over there shooting people."

"I felt like I cheated. I came back. Nobody really did care what I did. I thought I did something right and these people [anti-war protesters] were blowin' the whole image down the drain."

"Vietnam [from a vet who tried suicide]—it left some kind of negative impression on me. It kind of cheapened life. When I was home, I loved life; right up until I went to Vietnam. But there—seeing my friends getting mangled and killed—it was negative, negative."

"Being back here is strange. It's good to be here, but I'm afraid of a lot of things. I went and did it, but it doesn't mean shit to anybody, just the guys who were over there."

It has a name, now—the vertigo of homecoming. Jack Tracey, regional coordinator (New England) for Vietnam Vets Against the War, talks of a veteran in Wisconsin who shot his wife when she tried to wake him from a nightmare, and of another who went berserk and attacked a co-worker with a pneumatic drill. He remembers an ex-ranger in the Cambridge group who once tried to run his camping van through a camp site: "He started leaving death threats around, calling us Commies and Reds. We got kicked out of our last office because he was always breaking windows."

In some of the vets, a layer of rage lies like a pool of volatile gas near the surface. One vet remembers that when a shoe clerk didn't move fast enough he fought back an impulse to throttle him. Others waded through a swamp of inaction and despond.

For George Longo, who enlisted after graduating from high school in 1967, the war was a test of manhood. He volunteered for Vietnam. "I was trained to kill. I wanted to go and kill and get that Bronze Star. It was a way to become a man, handling all those rifles and things. Yes, it was quite a thrill." He shakes his head, with its leonine mane of hair above wide, gentle eyes, and he mutters, "terrible, terrible."

In Vietnam he was assigned to a combat unit, where he was "so lucky I almost felt guilty." If his friends were assigned to a convoy and he wasn't, the convoy would be hit. He came to hate the Army rules and regulations, particularly after a campaign to smarten up the combat troops. He met two captured Vietcong who "didn't seem to hate us. They just wanted to live and go home."

When he came back to Cambridge, he says, "I went into hiding. I was scared, depressed. I managed to bring some dope back. I'd sit and smoke and watch TV for

hours on end. I couldn't relate to anybody. I couldn't look anybody in the eye. I felt so completely lost. What hurt my parents most was that I couldn't talk about it. I had a girl friend and when I tried to tell her about it, I just cried and cried and cried. That freaked her out. I thought there was something wrong with me. I think now that it left such deep scars in me—I still feel like crying now when I think about it. Nobody, nobody could possibly understand. My old friends tried to put me on a pedestal. I said no, that's not right. Something was happening to my head. It was the struggle of my life."

He went to a V.A. psychiatrist, and remembers crying and crying and crying. "He wanted to go back to my childhood. It was the whole V.A. thing, that I was a sick, fucked-up person. I said, 'Look, doc, I'm a friendly person. I want to go where young people are. I want to put my arms around someone and love and feel alive again.'" He found his way to a VVAW rap group, and "I found there a sense of love and brotherhood. It was so beautiful. I had my life back."

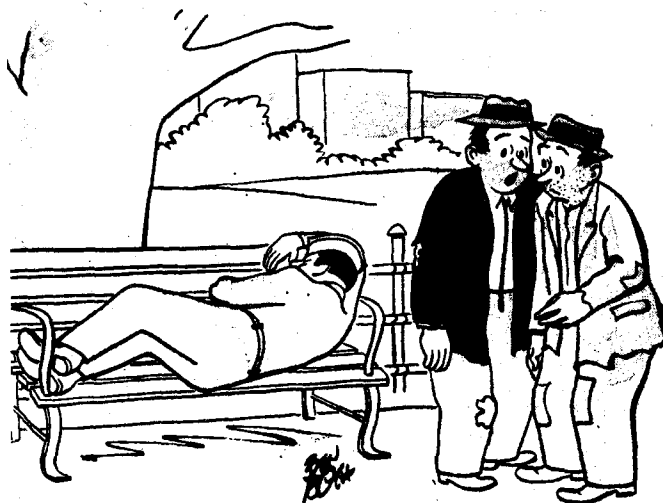
Many vets are disillusioned by their experiences with psychiatrists. They sense in some of the professionals an eagerness to probe into what happened to them in kindergarten, but not in the muck of the Mekong. If they are deeply troubled by what happened in Vietnam, they are "sick." They wonder who it is that is really sick—themselves, or the very educated, very rational, very well-adjusted men who sent them off to war.

Dr. Peter W. Heitbrink, chief of psychological services at the West Roxbury V.A. hospital in Boston, says: "I think we forget very quickly. After World War II the veterans came home as returning heroes but even so they went through a rough period of adjustment. It's not peculiar to Vietnam. It has been happening since the beginning of time."

Dr. Heitbrink, a thoughtful, soft-spoken man who came to the V.A. from the poverty program, thinks that Vietnam veterans share with other members of their generation a probing search for new values. He sees in them also "a crushing naïveté." He says, "They seem to think, 'If I wish hard enough it's going to happen.' I remember hearing during the student demonstrations the phrase, nonnegotiable demands. There's no such thing. There's one age group we allow to make nonnegotiable demands, and they're all under the age of a year. Many young people retain from childhood the feeling that 'If I wish real hard, bad things won't happen.' And they are terribly hurt when bad things do happen."

Of the Vietnam vets he predicts: "I think most of them will muddle through somehow. Not because we helped them but because most of them aren't all that mixed up. Given time, they will muddle through. But what a tremendous amount of pain they carry around!"

A young man who goes off to any war enters a limbo in which all the moral rules are inverted. I remember hearing a hero of World War II—a successful man—tell of seeing the bound corpses of two close friends, their faces smeared with defecation. That same day he beat a wounded German to death with his rifle butt. It was a terrible thing to do, but later he was able to put the evil in the frame of a greater good—the destruction of a



"He's a Veteran, So He Got First Choice!"
(First Published by Collier's, June 29, 1946)

monstrous war machine. But what if there had been no good frame for the evil? What if the frame bears the same stench as the deeds?

Psychiatrist Robert Jay Lifton, who worked extensively with VVAW rap groups, writes that he found among these veterans a sense that the war was part of a national descent into existential evil, that "the killing and dying done in their name cannot be placed in a meaningful system of symbols." Like the victims of Hiroshima, whom Lifton had studied earlier, the veterans were struggling with some sort of meaningless evil they could not fathom. It shattered a basic faith in the whole structure of existence, leaving only "Grotesque and absurd death and equally absurd survival."

*But other younger cats began to talk a different talk
And Charlie got uptight when brother Leroi said
The magic words are: Up against the wall motherfucker
This is a stick-up!*

"In That Age When We Were Young"
Charles M. Purcell

The black man in America has often been cheated of his share of things. In Vietnam he got more than his share—of killing and dying. The specter has been raised of a black army coming home from Nam to train its guns on whitey in urban guerrilla warfare. But it may be that it was not Vietnam that made the black man's threat constrict with anger, but home.

"Most of the black vets came back with an open mind," says Harold Hechter, veteran of a combat infantry platoon where he was the only black officer. "The black vet wanted to go to school, or he wanted to work. He figured he had the service out of the way, and he wanted a job. And he couldn't find anything but a menial job. What can he look forward to? Living in the ghetto, going on welfare? If that frustration is left unchecked, it's going to turn to bitterness."

Like his brother who didn't go off to war, the black vet is likely to be the last hired, first fired. A white skin means more than a Purple Heart. ("All that shit about how the doors swing open for vets. It's garbage, just garbage," says one black vet.)

The cruel irony of this is displayed in a photograph that hangs in the Boston V.A. office. A burly black man, half of his khaki shirt ripped away, embraces a machine gun. He is on his feet, but staggering, the impact of the bullets checking his forward motion. The picture hangs above the desk of Tillmon Williams, a contact representative in the Boston regional office. I was there after hours and the office was deserted except for myself, Williams and John White, another contact rep.

White is lithe and quick to speak; he wears a well-trimmed goatee. Williams is quieter, with large, dark eyes, and the anger takes longer to creep into his voice, which retains something of the sound of his native Mississippi. But the anger is there.

We talk, and the resentment, and sometimes the weariness, spill out. They talk of the daily ordeal of being black in a white bureaucracy: the supervisor who doesn't say "good morning," the speaking engagements at Babson and Wellesley that never come your way, the new man who is never brought to your desk for briefing. Tillmon Williams looks around the empty office and says: "They don't see you if you're black. Some of these people have been running from me all their lives."

Both men are openly critical of the lack of outreach in their area for black Vietnam veterans. "We're not reaching the black veteran, I'm sure of that," Williams says. There is no field office in Roxbury, Boston's black community. The NAACP runs an office for veterans, but it does not have V.A. funds or staff. The Boston office has six field workers, and none of these is black. White and Williams believe they have been denied their role in reaching black vets. They say that no matter how competent white field workers may be, they are not going to reach the black vet on the streets. John White says that he has gone to one of the city jails to speak to black vets—on his own time.

Since the Greater Boston area has a growing Spanish-speaking community, Tillmon Williams asked to take a course in conversational Spanish. Cost: \$45. "Here's the answer," he says. He hands me a copy of a memo he received in reply: "To date we have had no problems with Spanish-speaking people that warrant the expenditure of funds for courses in conversational Spanish."

White and Williams both say the V.A. discriminates

against blacks in its own hiring of Vietnam vets and non-vets. (Twenty-three of 361 employees are listed as "minority.") Of these 361 employees, four blacks are above grade 9, Tillmon Williams says.

I was astonished when White and Williams said their remarks are on the record. In most bureaucracies, criticism is voiced anonymously. But Tillmon Williams says he got his present job only by filing discrimination charges against the V.A. and winning. He thinks the work he is doing at the V.A. is worthwhile, but if he wants to advance in grade he will have to move to another agency.

"Why do we have to keep running?" he asks. John White adds: "If it's this bad in here, how can it be any better for the black vets out there?"

This has been a story about veterans of the war in Vietnam. But it is something else as well, an old story of how a nation treats its people. This one, the United States of America, is young, vigorous, rich. But there is room in its sunlit vistas, it seems, only for winners. To those in need of help, more often than not, it offers only its shadowed corners.

We do not choose to expend our national energies on people who may not be winners; who need more than their own bootstraps to make it. We let the veteran languish on the street corner if he is black or hooked or poor. There is no money to train him. We elect not to give the Veterans Administration the tools it needs; it costs too much. We are unconcerned when the legless vet can't get his wheelchair into the public library to study for an exam. The funds that might pay for a ramp have been frozen.

Like the rest of us, the Vietnam vets will make it if they hustle. If they are mad enough, or hungry enough, or rich enough to be winners. If they are lucky enough to have started the race without the lead weights of poverty or lack of education or addiction. We will give the vets a little edge: a few points on a civil service exam, a little money for school, cash payment for the loss of a limb. But the veterans will have to keep running for a place in the sun. A good many of them will never make it.

*A world safe for democracy
But not for life
Rather funny*

In an unfunny sort of way.
Stan Platke



NATIONAL LAND USE

A MOVE TO SAVE WHAT IS LEFT

LEONARD DOWNIE, Jr.

Washington

An important battle that has attracted too little national attention is being fought in Congress over the future use of this country's remaining undeveloped land. Lobbyists for land developers, the National Association of Realtors and the U.S. Chamber of Commerce are working hard

in the House of Representatives to kill or cripple a Senate-passed bill that would push the fifty states to take over regulation of major land uses within their borders. Opposing these lobbyists are a number of environmental groups, led by the Environmental Policy Center; they have been the legislation's chief public supporters, other than its author, Sen. Henry M. Jackson (D., Wash.), the chairman of the Senate Interior Committee.

As it passed the Senate in June, the Jackson bill contained a \$1 billion package of federal grants for states that set up effective machinery for statewide planning of land use and the strict regulation at the state level of large-scale new development—from private suburban housing subdivisions and rural recreation operations to public airports and interstate highway interchanges. To qualify for the new federal money, each state would have to show that its land-use controls conformed to national guidelines that have been written into Senator Jackson's bill.

Jackson tried in the Senate to add to this \$1 billion federal carrot a legislative stick that would threaten non-complying states with loss of some of the federal grants they already receive for construction of highways, airports and sewer and water projects. He was unsuccessful, but even without that provision, the bill is regarded by real estate and business interests as threatening to usurp the zoning authority of local governments and to restrict by unconstitutional means the development rights of land-owners. In a policy statement adopted at its mid-November national convention here, the National Association of Realtors characterized such legislation as a "counter-productive attack on private property ownership." And in a special national newsletter condemning the bill, the Chamber of Commerce called it "sweeping federal intervention into a traditionally state and local matter."

The Chamber of Commerce, the realtors' group and the right-wing Liberty Lobby also recently mobilized their memberships to produce a mail campaign against the legislation that has put considerable pressure on members of the House Interior Committee, which has spent several months rewriting the House version of the Jackson bill. The committee has already watered down several of its key provisions, and still more compromises are expected by apprehensive environmental lobbyists.

"We've had to go along with these changes just so we can get some kind of bill reported out of the committee," explained David Calfee of the Environmental Policy Center. The Jackson bill had previously passed the Senate in 1972, only to be bottled up by the House Interior Committee for the rest of that session of Congress. Calfee hopes to see the new legislation reach the House floor for a vote sometime early next year.

The present Jackson bill would allow local governments to retain control over zoning for small-scale land uses, but it would force states seeking federal funds to regulate five kinds of land uses, defined in the bill as being of "more than local concern":

- ¶Any use of areas of "critical" environmental importance, such as beaches, wetlands, significant wildlife habitats and historic sites.

- ¶Large-scale urban development, including suburban subdivisions, shopping centers and industrial parks.

- ¶Equally large second-home and recreation-lot subdivisions of rural land.

Leonard Downie, Jr., deputy metropolitan editor of The Washington Post, has just completed a book on real estate speculation in the United States, Mortgage on America, to be published by Praeger early next year.

- ¶Regional public utilities like waste disposal plants that have a major effect on land use.

- ¶Other key public projects like airports, major highway interchanges and recreational facilities.

In order to qualify, a state land-use control program would be expected, for instance, to insure that new developments did not encroach on public beaches, threaten historic buildings, overload water and sewage systems, erode soil, or overburden local and state government services. Failure to meet such criteria would result in loss of the state's share of the bill's federal planning grants. If Jackson's sanction provision had been added, a state failing to set up an acceptable land-use control program within five years of the bill's enactment would lose first 7 per cent, then 14 per cent and eventually 21 per cent of its normal allotted federal grants for highways, airports and sewer and water projects.

This sanction provision became a lightning rod for Senatorial opposition to the bill. Senators opposing the legislation as a whole were joined in the fight against the sanction by Senators who sit on the committees that dole out highway and airport grants. However, once the sanction amendment was defeated, many members who had voted against it eased their consciences by supporting the rest of Jackson's bill, and it passed easily—also in part because at that point the real estate lobby was not out in force.

The House version of the land-use bill, introduced by Rep. Morris K. Udall (D., Ariz.), at first included most of the important provisions of the Jackson bill. But the real estate lobbyists suddenly materialized and began to whittle away, once they realized that the bill had a good chance of making it to the House floor (its most bitter opponent on the House Interior Committee in 1972, Rep. Wayne Aspinall [D., Colo.], had since lost his seat).

The first item to go in closed Interior Committee deliberations last fall was Udall's version of Jackson's grant-cutting sanction. Next, in response to pressure from realtors, the bill's definition of a suburban subdivision large enough to come under state scrutiny was changed from one with fifty or more units to one "having more than local impact." Then the legislation's requirement that states make certain that these subdivisions not harm the environment or overload local services was so changed that the bill now only suggests criteria, which the states may or may not follow.

While the Jackson-Udall legislation is being weakened still further in committee, the Chamber of Commerce has written a substitute bill that contains no binding federal guidelines, directives or review at all. In effect, it will offer federal money to the states for merely drawing up land-use master plans, and will not require that they be enforced or that new development be regulated in any way. The Chamber of Commerce hopes to win House Interior Committee approval of the substitute.

This kind of legislation would, of course, leave things much as they are now—with largely uncontrolled development chewing up too much land, fouling the air and water, cutting off the public from beaches, lakes and mountaintops and destroying wildlife. Plenty of cities, counties and some states already have land-use master plans of varying kinds. But in most cases they are rarely

enforced or are regularly amended to accommodate some new development rather than being used as instruments to channel and shape development according to public needs and environmental considerations.

Local zoning officials, in particular, have been notoriously susceptible, for financial and other reasons, to the designs of developers. The Chamber of Commerce pleads in its attack on the Jackson bill that people deserve as much attention as the environment, but who can seriously argue that the helter-skelter development now doing irreversible damage to our environment is nevertheless producing splendid communities for the American people?

Jackson, when he drew up his land-use bill, tried to address himself to the goal of producing better communities with less waste of land or harm to the environment. Yet there is serious question whether this legislation—even before members of the House Interior Committee began working it over—could really have accomplished that purpose. The original bill gave the states five years to set up land-use control machinery—a disturbingly long delay for public action, when private developers would be rushing ahead with their own plans. The bill would have forced states to adopt and enforce master plans drawn according to federal guidelines, but the manner of enforcement would be left entirely to state officials (both the politics of getting a bill through Congress and, most likely, legal tradition in the courts, would reserve that discretion for the states). Thus, big developers and their powerful financial backers would be free to apply on state officials—in a convenient centralization of the process—the same corrupting pressures they have in the past so successfully put on local zoning authorities scattered throughout each state.

Some supporters of the Jackson bill point as an example of what the states could do to a proposed land-use plan for California being promoted by a nonprofit conservation group, California Tomorrow. Its plan suggests dividing California's 100 million acres of land into four principal use zones: agricultural, conservation, urban and regional reserve. The land designated for each zone would, of course, comprise many unconnected parcels scattered throughout the state.

Land placed by California Tomorrow in the agricultural zone would be forever restricted to farming and some rural residential use. The conservation zones of mountains, foothills, forests, river and stream valleys, seashore and other important natural areas would similarly be placed forever off limits to new development, except for some carefully controlled recreational uses. The urban zones, which would comprise both present urbanized areas and other sites designated as suitable for new growth, would be open to development within guidelines to be laid down by regional authorities which would be created throughout the state. These authorities would also decide whether land set aside in the fourth category, the regional reserve zone, should eventually be designated for urbanization, public recreational uses, agricultural land, or protection as additional open space.

Despite wide promotion of the California Tomorrow plan in meetings of state conservation, business, civic and government leaders, there has been no indication that the

state will ever adopt anything like it, even if the Jackson land-use bill were to be approved by Congress. California voters recently did approve a state referendum creating an immediate moratorium on new Pacific shoreline development and setting up regional authorities to study what should be done in the future with coastal land, but any plans drawn by these authorities must be approved by the state legislature and the voters, and it is likely that real estate interests will work hard to defeat any proposals that seriously restrict large-scale coastal development.

The California Tomorrow plan also contains assurances of the integrity of the regional authorities that would be created to administer land use within each of the four proposed statewide zones. What is to stop real estate interests from continuing to do what they please in the urban and regional reserve zones, or to greatly abuse the exceptions envisioned for the otherwise no-growth agricultural and conservation zones?

More important, both the California Tomorrow proposal and the land-use control process envisioned in the original Jackson bill constitute largely negative influences on community development in the United States. At worst, each state's program could be used by short-sighted environmental interests and protectionist suburbanites to stop growth altogether, even in those many places where some kind of carefully planned development is needed to provide more and better homes for the tens of millions of families needing them now and in the near future.

At best, creative application of state controls could force real estate development into those areas where it would be most desirable and insure that more trees would be saved from bulldozers and more streams protected from choking siltation. But the Jackson bill's detailed national guidelines hold no positive promise that such development, once it is properly located and made compatible with the natural environment, would automatically be a better place in which to live. And it is difficult to imagine how such guidelines could have been added to the bill. It takes much more than land-use controls to create new communities free of the continuing, perplexing problems of transportation, housing quality, social adjustment, segregation and exorbitant costs.

These shortcomings are not arguments for the defeat of the Jackson bill. Its enactment in the form in which it passed the Senate could be the first small step toward more intelligent land use and environmental protection in states whose officials have sufficient integrity and imagination to make the best use of such a law's new authority and federal financial assistance. But it could hardly be expected to produce, in Senator Jackson's words, "the kind of blueprint which will spell quality life, good environment and sound economic growth."

Experiments in these areas have been tried in Europe where, surprisingly, land-use planning and controls of the kind contained in the Jackson bill are rare. Instead, the national and regional governments of European countries and their metropolitan areas plunge much more deeply into land use and development themselves.

The national government of Great Britain is directly financing and controlling through loans to public development corporations the building of some thirty new towns

on the edges of its big cities. France has begun the similar public development of a number of new towns around Paris and other cities. In Sweden the city of Stockholm has itself bought up most of the surrounding suburban land and is leasing it at relatively low cost to private developers, who build communities according to strict specifications set by the city.

Out of these land-use programs by European governments have come any number of successful experiments: the first post-World War II pedestrian-only shopping malls and the community-wide foot and bicycle pathways in the new towns of Britain; suburban neighborhoods in Sweden clustered around stores, social services and recreational facilities, and connected one to the other by subway lines from downtown Stockholm; giant French strides in factory-built housing, and a recently developed community trash incineration system used to heat one French new town's homes and offices; and the land-saving clustering of homes around public open spaces in new communities throughout Europe.

Americans find some of this strictly planned and government-backed European development somewhat sterile; in other places, the rational order, the greenery and the convenience of all the components of a community are attractive. Many of the residents of these European communities find their primary satisfaction is to live in

decent, comparatively inexpensive homes, because it is the working class for whom these heavily subsidized communities have been built.

On balance, the particular kind of experimentation that has been tried in Europe is not what should be of greatest importance to Americans concerned about the quality of their new development. Rather, we should be learning from the fact that Europeans *are* boldly experimenting, while we muddle along repeating the same mistakes—such as heavily investing government funds and loan guarantees in a so-called federal “new town” program that has thus far produced only bigger and slightly more attractive privately developed suburbs (see Downie: “The ‘New-Town’ Mirage,” *The Nation*, May 15, 1972).

Bold experimentation cannot, of course, be expected from a federal land-use bill that, if the U.S. Chamber of Commerce has its way, would merely funnel more open-ended federal grants to the states—much as the largely ineffectual and much abused Law Enforcement Assistance grant program does now. Neither should really significant change be expected if the strongest possible bill, as drafted by Senator Jackson, is passed by Congress. It could stop the states from allowing the worst uses to be made of the underdeveloped land remaining within their borders, but it would do little to insure that they make drastically better use of it. □

WHERE RUSSIA IS NEAR

THE TUNNELS OF MANCHURIA

MICHAEL CHINOY

During Secretary of State Kissinger's most recent visit to Peking, a number of American newsmen were taken to see the system of air-raid shelters built under China's capital city. They reported that the tunnel complex, while impressive, was not well equipped and was only a few feet below the ground. They reported that it would serve better as an escape route to the countryside than as effective protection against nuclear attack. Because of the apparently modest nature of these defenses, there was even speculation that the Chinese exaggerated the extent of the Soviet threat in order to impress China's new found American friends and to discourage a U.S.-Soviet détente that would leave the Chinese isolated.

Earlier this year I was a member of the first group of Americans to visit another Chinese tunnel system—this one in the Manchurian city of Dairen. Here, a mere 600 miles from Russia, the possibility of a surprise attack by the forty Soviet divisions stationed along the disputed Manchurian border was obviously taken very seriously, the evidence being an elaborate and well-

stocked air-raid defense system. Dairen, situated on the Pohai Gulf, across the water from Pyongyang, North Korea, handles shipping from many countries, including England and Canada. It would be high on any list of cities to be attacked in the event of war.

It was late afternoon when my group arrived at the Dairen Hotel in Sun Yat-sen Square. We were met by a “responsible person” from the Dairen civil defense organization and escorted to the basement of the hotel. Next to a red neon slogan, “Guard against war, guard against natural disasters, do everything for the people,” was a small button. Our escort pushed it and the floor rolled back, revealing a long flight of cement stairs.

At the bottom was a cement passageway about 6 feet high and 4 feet wide. We followed it into the heart of the damp tunnel complex which, we were told, was at some points 40 feet below the ground. By contrast, Frank Starr of the *Chicago Tribune*, who traveled with the Kissinger party, reported that the Peking tunnel he visited was barely 17 feet below the surface.

The interconnected tunnels I walked through for more than an hour were well lit, with loudspeakers sheathed in protective plastic dotting the walls. Chinese songs played softly. The loudspeakers are presumably to be used for instructions and communications during an actual crisis. Every few yards were indented spaces, which we were told were for use by snipers in the event of fighting

Michael Chinoy, a free-lance journalist, is a recent graduate of Yale University, where he majored in Chinese Studies. He visited the People's Republic of China last August.

inside the tunnel. (*Tunnel Warfare*, incidentally, is the name of a very popular Chinese movie which I saw in the city of Kirin, only 200 miles from the Sino-Soviet border. The film celebrates the heroics of peasant fighters who build an elaborate underground tunnel to outwit and vanquish the Japanese aggressors during World War II.) I squeezed into one of the spaces and discovered that I could surprise anyone walking by.

Again, in apparent contrast to the tunnel shown the American newsmen in Peking, this one was fully equipped for "normal life." It had a barbershop with revolving chairs and mirrors on the wall, a large dining room with chopsticks laid out on the tables, a five-bed hospital with a full supply of medicines and equipment, classrooms with neon slogans taken from the writings of Mao Tse-tung on the wall, several "clubs" with many rows of seats for meetings and cultural performances, a day-care center, a post office, an automatic heating and ventilating system, even a bookstore. These rooms were between 9 and 12 feet high. Our guide said that as many as 80,000 people could live and function indefinitely in the tunnels, not only during a conventional war but also during chemical/biological and nuclear attacks.

We were told that this complex, called the Sun Yat-sen Tunnel network, was one of five such systems built in Dairen, one for each district of the city. The tunnels we saw connected in the west with the City Zoo network, in the east with the "March 8" network, in the south with the East Mountain network and in the north with the Victory Bridge network. Inside the city limits, the tunnels stretch for more than 8 miles. They crisscross one another and all extend into the countryside.

Out in the country, our escort informed us, were even

bigger tunnels—some big enough for busses to drive through. Factories have been built underground in the countryside, with dormitories for the workers.

The Chinese told us that they were impelled to build the tunnel system in Dairen in 1970 and 1971, when the situation was very tense along the 4,000-mile Sino-Soviet border. That was just after bitter clashes between Chinese and Russian troops had occurred along the frozen Amur and Ussuri Rivers. "At that time," the civil defense man said, "Chairman Mao urged us to 'dig tunnels deep, store grain everywhere, and never seek hegemony.'" He said that many units of the People's Liberation Army, as well as workers, teachers, students and local residents worked day and night shifts to build the tunnel. In all, he said, 300,000 workdays were needed to complete the construction.

"The purpose of the tunnel is to safeguard China and the Socialist construction. We believe that the Russian line that they oppose all wars is not true."

While some recent press reports have tended to minimize the gravity of the Soviet threat to China, it was clear to me during my visit to Manchuria that the million Russian troops, which are a source of concern throughout China, have been a cause for acute anxiety for those who live near the border. However, the recent development of these tunnels and other defensive preparations, coupled with the Sino-American détente, seemed to have given the Chinese with whom I spoke confidence in their ability to prevent or repel any Russian attack. "Our guiding principle," said the civil defense official, "is that we will not attack unless we are attacked, but we will certainly counterattack if we are attacked." □

COMPULSORY FREE ENTERPRISE

BRAINWASHING THE CLASSROOMS

JOSEPH STOCKER

Phoenix, Ariz.

The Arizona legislature leaves nothing to chance. Although the state's high-school economics courses have taught about capitalism along with other systems, the legislature thought young people needed more specific guidance. So, in the spring of 1971, the legislators passed a law requiring every student to take before graduating a semester course in the "essentials and benefits of the free enterprise system."

"State universities are certainly not hotbeds of conservative thought," explained the author of the bill, a Phoenix real estate appraiser and Republican House member named Jim Skelly. "If anything, most of your political science and your economics departments are pretty much

liberal-oriented. I think one of the benefits of a course such as this is that a youngster will have some foundation to stand on when he does come up against professors that are collectivists or Socialists."

Some of the lawmakers, though lukewarm to Skelly's bill, said later it was one of those "apple-pie" things that you couldn't very well vote against. Some voted for the bill thinking it would never pass; the Senate even tried to call it back. But it was too late by then, and Jack Williams, the Arizona Governor who has made himself a minor national celebrity by issuing annual proclamations designating John Birch Day, signed the bill with manifest enthusiasm.

The schools are now into their second year of living with the free enterprise law, and they've found it about as bad as they expected. State Superintendent of Public Instruction Weldon P. Shofstall supplies the materials and the course outline. Shofstall is a Rafferty type whose public utterances are given over largely to attacking teachers, decrying communism in education and urging

Joseph Stocker is an Arizona publicist who has written extensively for magazines on education and allied subjects.

that God be put back into the schools. The materials he provides for the free enterprise course tilt far to the Right. Indeed, he has made no bones of the fact that to get them he leans heavily on the Foundation for Economic Education (FEE), described by the Anti-Defamation League as a "half-million-dollar-a-year political propaganda mill" financed by GM, DuPont, Sun Oil and sundry other fat cats. (Ironically, Leonard Read, head of FEE, said in a Phoenix interview that if it were up to him, he'd repeal the Arizona free enterprise law. "In the spreading of ideas," he said, "you don't use compulsion.")

"When you read that stuff," said one high school teacher of the materials flowing out of Shofstall's pipe line, "you laugh out loud. It's a comic book." One of the handy documents that issued recently from the Shofstall pipe line was a "discussion guide," *Planned Economy Versus Free Market Economy*, written by Shofstall himself. In it the 70-year-old superintendent set down what he fancied to be the contrasting characteristics of the two economic systems. They illustrate rather vividly the kind of simplistic thinking he would foist off on Arizona young people. The adjoining box provides some samples.

One school system compiled and submitted to the Superintendent of Public Instruction the reactions of some of its teachers to his helpful dissertation:

"If this job was done as a 'public work,' built by income 'extorted by coercion' from me, I think I got a bad bargain," was the dour comment of one teacher.

"The only detailed economic system that has been divinely dictated seems to be the one in Deuteronomy, which was designed for sparsely settled tribes in Palestine about 3,100 years ago," observed another. "I doubt if anyone would argue that it would work here and now."

"If the free enterprise system cannot take its stand on secular, pragmatic and economic arguments based on verifiable and observable data (and I think it can), it's a lost cause and nothing the schools can do will save it," remarked a third.

Someone discovered a regional accrediting regulation which stipulated that a student could be excused from a course if he demonstrated a mastery of it. Shofstall had a test written to give those who wanted to escape from the free enterprise course. It turned out to be as loaded as the materials produced by his office ("a Mickey Mouse thing, not worth 10¢," as one teacher described it). Question No. 8, for instance, reads as follows:

Government intervention in a free enterprise system:

- (a) Aids the free market.
- (b) Is the basis of the free market.
- (c) Has no effect on the free market.
- (d) Is detrimental to the free market.

The "correct" answer, of course, is (d). Yet a student reasonably familiar with modern history would know that government intervention during the depression prevented the ultimate destruction of free enterprise.

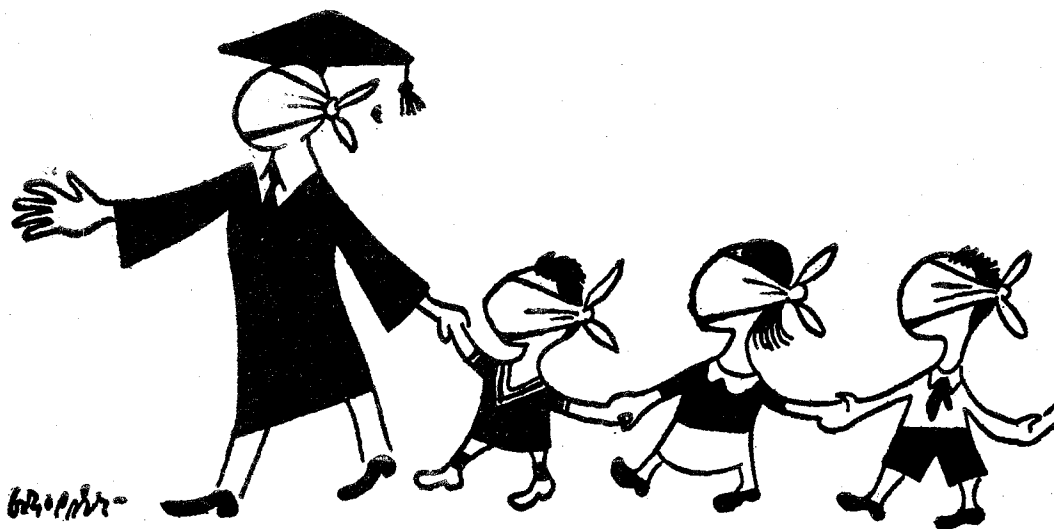
A few bright students figured out that the correct answers and the answers desired were not necessarily the same, and they managed to pass the test. But a good many others flunked, and Shofstall, never one to pass

up an opportunity for propaganda, announced that this proved how ignorant of free enterprise most young people were. (One school district found the test so impossible, that it wrote its own.)

Some high schools have simply ignored the dicta being handed down from Shofstall's educational Mt. Sinai. "We call it free enterprise but we teach economics," said one Social Studies Department chairman. At the same time, it may be assumed that the superintendent's Biblical brand of economics is getting through to some students, especially in the smaller school districts. "What happens out in the sticks, I don't know," said a Phoenix high school teacher. "It scares hell out of me."

If social studies teachers are openly contemptuous of the free enterprise course, Shofstall is no less contemptuous of social studies teachers. "Some influential teachers and professors," he says, "have a real blind spot in their education when it comes to the free market. Even when this neglect is unintentional, it puts them in the ranks of the active revolutionaries who are destroying

Planned Economy	Free Market
Minimum wage laws are essential and desirable.	Minimum wage laws always contribute to unemployment.
Launch a government war on poverty and you decrease the number of poor people.	Subsidizing the poor tends to increase their number.
Socialism encourages coercive collectivism.	The Free Market encourages free and responsible individualism.
The workers should have special rights under the law.	Everybody should be equal only before the law. Free Enterprise depends upon a highly ethical moral system in order to function.
Collectivism (all for one and one for all) as a way of life represents the failure of men and women to adhere to a highly ethical moral system.	Collectivism as a way of life is a manifestation of the abyss into which men sink when not motivated by the pursuit of truth and justice.
Human life has no essential value as such—is not sacred.	All human life has essential value—is sacred.
Man created God.	God created Man.
Atheism is basic in a viable economic system.	Theism is basic in a viable economic system.
Public works, such as Gateway Arch, Urban Renewal or Moon Shots [caps his], are paid for with tax money; therefore, they are desirable and free to the public.	Public works are paid for by mandatory taxes representing a portion of your labor and mine.



America." Rather archly, he suggests to school administrators that free enterprise doesn't *have* to be taught by social studies people. The implication is unmistakable that he considers, for example, teachers of business methods a good deal safer.

Not all social studies teachers—however critical of Shofstallian attempts at indoctrination—deplore the free enterprise course. One veteran educator, while scornful of what he calls the "John Birch-type materials" being thrust at him and his colleagues, thinks the course is defensible. "It *makes* us teach economics," he says. "I think it's one of the most worthwhile things we have."

Students are less charitable; they resent the propagandistic approach to education. "We're taught only the good things about America," said one. "I recently suffered through an entire semester of this course," said a girl living in a small Arizona town, "and I feel it was the most wasted semester I have ever spent in all my twelve years of school."

"Due to Dr. Shofstall and this ridiculous requirement [elective] classes in American studies, African studies, Oriental civilizations and behavioral sciences were dropped," a Tucson student complained in a letter to the editor. The social studies coordinator of Tucson District 1, the state's largest school district, agrees unhappily that, what with all the mandated courses in free enterprise, American and Arizona history and American government, the trend there is toward a "provincial" curriculum. "It virtually ignores the world beyond the borders of the United States." And much the same thing is happening in Phoenix. "We offer a course in minority studies at one of our inner-city high schools," reports a Phoenix administrator. "Last year we had two or three sections of it. This year there's one section, and nine students were enrolled at last count. If any school needs it, that one does."

The free enterprise course has even encountered criticism in quarters where it might be expected to enjoy support. Dr. Arlyn Larson, an Arizona State University economist, thinks the course is inaccurate and one-sided and doesn't deal with the "real world." He gave voice to this heresy at a state education conference co-sponsored by Shofstall's own Department of Education. In

addition to his academic work Larson is economic consultant to the same Republican majority in the legislature that was responsible for the free enterprise law.

An attempt was made in the legislature earlier this year to get the law repealed, but it failed and nobody has much hope that it will fare better in future sessions, barring an unexpected abatement of Arizona's hard-nosed conservatism. Indeed, the very thought of repealing the free enterprise law brought a warning growl from the state's most powerful (and conservative) newspaper, *The Arizona Republic* of Phoenix. Students, it said, weren't learning the "basic facts of economics" and thus were being "seduced" into favoring more government intervention and less freedom for the entrepreneur. It just could be, the paper suggested darkly, that teachers didn't want to teach "the underlying principles of our government and free enterprise system. . . . Maybe they want to remake society according to their own design. . . . Such educators should themselves be identified and removed."

Superintendent Shofstall, who presumably reads such editorials with satisfaction, is putting together a program that just might carry out the *Republic's* threat. Called performance-based recertification, it enables the state to decertify a teacher—and thus keep him from practicing his profession—if he doesn't perform the way his superiors think he should. He isn't teaching free enterprise properly? His students aren't giving the "right" answers on tests? Off with his professional head.

If Shofstall's deadline is met, PBR, as it's known, will go into effect sometime in 1974. Then, presumably, the few liberal teachers who are trying to teach comparative economics instead of propaganda will have to take another look at their hole card. "The crunch hasn't come, but it will," said one teacher lugubriously.

Meanwhile, the State Department of Education says it is getting inquiries from other states similarly interested in feeding the right kind of attitude toward free enterprise to their young. "This isn't just a nutty quirk in this state alone," said an Arizona social studies teacher. "It's part of a nationwide push. You watch—similar bills will surface in other states, if they haven't already." Arizona may yet turn out to have contributed something as enduring as Barry Goldwater to academic America. □

IMPEACHMENT: NOT IF, BUT WHEN

ARLIE SCHARDT

In the locker room of an indoor tennis club in the prosperous Washington suburbs of Northern Virginia last month, a group of middle-age lawyers and junior executives were toweling off when someone came in with the courtroom account given that day by Rose Mary Woods, Mr. Nixon's personal secretary, of how eighteen minutes of a key Watergate tape had somehow been erased. The room erupted with guffaws. The men, some of whom had voted for Mr. Nixon and all of whom were familiar with office tape recorders, said more with their

laughter than they could have with a legal brief. They were saying that the debate is no longer even worth joining. Their President has reduced himself to the unhappiest level of all—he is an object of humor. They no longer take him seriously. They simply do not believe him.

Washington

The impeachment of Richard M. Nixon is inevitable. The only question is when. There is enough evidence already on the record to impeach him tomorrow afternoon, but the House Judiciary Committee is in the process of hiring a whole new staff to conduct yet one more investigation and one more round of hearings. Then the committee

'WHAT, IN OUR HOUSE?'

There is widespread disbelief in the innocence of our President. One reason for distrust is the literally incredible way in which he responds to what he claims are the facts—especially the facts about the missing tapes. No solid conclusions, and certainly not legal guilt, may be fairly inferred from a psychological dissonance arising between what the President says and what he claims to have done. But the ordinary citizen, trying to decide whether to trust his President, must be troubled when he finds that Mr. Nixon's personal reactions, by his own account, do not seem to be those that an ordinary, honest man would exhibit, were the circumstances as the President claims them to be.

In *Macbeth*, when Macduff discovers the murder of the King, his shock can hardly be expressed in words:

*O horror, horror, horror! Tongue nor heart
Cannot conceive nor name thee! . . . Awake, awake,
Ring the alarum-bell. Murder and Treason! . . .*

Lady Macbeth, for all her hard wit, does not fully see what the actual, unforced reaction of a truly loyal subject would be to the murder of her King. She must dissemble, of course; but to do so convincingly is not so easy. Banquo enters; Macduff cries out:

*O Banquo, Banquo,
Our royal master's murder'd!*

From that cry Lady Macbeth hears the news, ostensibly for the first time. With her off-key reaction she half gives herself away:

*Woe, alas!
What, in our house?*

Does Banquo already detect her deception? His quick retort is penetrating:

Too cruel any where.

Lady Macbeth's partly hidden slip is not difficult to understand. It is easy for an honest person to give an honest response; he must do only what comes naturally

—though of course natural responses will vary. Shakespeare knew that to play a role one does not fully feel is difficult under the best of circumstances, and may be well-nigh impossible under stress. If the respondent is not honest, is seeking to deceive, reactions to a developing situation must be quickly manufactured—and then responses not fully appropriate to the circumstances will not be surprising.

On November 17, President Nixon answered questions put to him at a nationally televised meeting of the Associated Press Managing Editors in Orlando, Fla. The first question from the audience asked: "Sir, when did you first discover that two of the nine subpoenaed White House tapes didn't exist, and why did you apparently delay for a matter of weeks disclosing this matter to the federal court and the public?" A reasoned question, about facts. The President responded at very great length, dealing with his search for the tapes, what he alleges would have been on them if they existed, other tapes and what is on them, the nature of the recording system, a denial of any knowledge of the payment of blackmail money, and other matters. He concludes that discourse with the statement: "I realize that some will wonder about the truth of these particular statements that I have made."

Immediately afterward, the President was faced with the following question from Richard Tuttle, of the *Democrat Chronicle*, of Rochester, N.Y.: "Mr. President, could you tell us your personal reaction and your political reaction—and within that word I mean your credibility reaction to the discovery that the Dean and Mitchell tapes did not exist?" A question about feelings, emotions.

Here follows a puzzling response, and the more one reflects upon it, the more puzzled one becomes. The natural response of an accused but innocent man to the discovery that the critical evidence—evidence which

will vote on each impeachment resolution brought before it, and the entire House will vote on each resolution sent to it by Judiciary.

So the date of impeachment depends upon how long the House Judiciary Committee takes to complete its work. The case ought to be ready for trial in the Senate sometime next summer.

That schedule sounds too leisurely to many Americans, suffering the jitters from a full year of wondering what shock Mr. Nixon has in store for them *this* week, and made cynical from watching Congress feebly respond. Events have gotten so bad that people are afraid to tune in tonight's newscast, but equally afraid not to. And with each "time bomb," each unprecedented and astonishing revelation, Congress has said, "All right, if he does just one thing more. . . ."

But this predictable behavior of Congress' reluctant heroes does not mean that impeachment will never happen. All the Operations Candor, all the P.R. blitzes, all the delaying tactics whereby Mr. Nixon hopes to be saved just once more by the public's sometimes short or confused memory, cannot prevent it. Much as the House may wish to avoid its responsibility, Representatives will ultimately be forced to do their duty because of the same factor that many are currently using to shrink it: public opinion.

The lawmakers have no business treating constitutional problems as public opinion problems, but many are now doing so because they still don't fully understand the volatility of this issue. They do not understand that it won't go away; that they will not be able to relax because for a week or so the mail eases off.

Public confidence in politicians has never been lower.

Carl Cohen and Robert Green

proves his innocence and should have been there—is missing, lost, would be—what? "Horror, horror, horror! They *can't* be missing! Find 'em." Or, with Macduff on discovering the murder of the King, "Confusion now hath made his masterpiece!" Perhaps we could have expected such a person to respond to a query about his personal reactions with wry anguish: "You're frustrated by the missing tapes? How do you think *I* feel? This, on top of everything else!" But no, Mr. Nixon's reactions, as he recounts them, have a very different tone.

The President's answer, exactly as reported in the verbatim text of the entire meeting by the Orlando *Sentinel Star* on November 18, here follows (an edited version of the text appeared in *The New York Times* of the same date):

Well, my personal reaction was one of very great disappointment because I wanted the evidence out and I knew that when there was any indication that something didn't exist, naturally there would be the impression that some way either the President or, more likely perhaps, somebody on the President's staff knew there was something on those tapes that [it] wouldn't be wise to get out.

But let me point out again, while I was disappointed, let me say I would have been a lot more disappointed if the tapes that had been considered important by both Mr. Cox, the special prosecutor, and the Ervin committee, if any one of those would have been missing, because I should point out the tape of September 15, when, as you recall, it has been testified that I was first informed there was a cover-up, that, of course, was there.

The tape of March 13, where it has been testified, where I answered to the *Louisville Courier Journal* [in the preceding response] where it was testified, that I was informed then of the demands for money for blackmail, that is available; and the tape of March 21 will be discussed in great detail, as well as three other tapes in which Mr. Dean participated, these other conversations are all available.

But as far as these two tapes are concerned, even though they weren't considered by the Ervin committee to be an indispensable part of their investigation, the fact that they weren't there is a disappointment and I just hope[d] we had a better system. I frankly hope[d] we didn't have a system at all, and then I wouldn't have to answer that question.

But *if* the tapes—had they ever in fact existed—did clearly show the President innocent, and his accuser a liar, are the reactions above—the feelings—those we might have expected him to report? Why, accused as he is accused, would any man play *down* the missing evidence, twice repeating the fact that one of the two major investigators of the scandal had not subpoenaed those missing pieces of evidence? Would you or I conclude (were we accused, but innocent), as the President concludes, that we wished there had never been any tapes? Or would we, *knowing our innocence*, quite unconsciously, openly and with real emotions play *up* the missing tapes, emphasize the damage really done to us because they are missing—and curse the fate that conclusive proof of our innocence is lacking only because of two coincidental and improbable mischances?

In fairness, no conclusions can be drawn with confidence from such reflections. Questions are raised; answers are not given. But plain people, usually honest in the large affairs of their lives, can hardly be blamed if they find, in the President's responses, discordant, disquieting notes. If the facts are as he alleges, does this President respond as an honest man would?

What, in our house?

Too cruel any where.

□

Carl Cohen, who teaches philosophy at the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, is the author of *Democracy* (University of Georgia Press) and *Civil Disobedience* (Columbia University Press). Robert Green is professor of internal medicine, University of Michigan.

These are bad days to be an incumbent, and worse to be an incumbent who fails to do everything possible to redress a shocking assault on our constitutional form of government. People say of politicians "They all do it," "They're all alike." Our national expectations have been reduced to the level where it is actually a major news event when the President of the United States announces that he will obey a court order (and then only when driven to it by overwhelming political pressure).

With each new revelation, the need for incumbent legislators to separate themselves from the Administration's cover-up intensifies. Each time Mr. Nixon resists an investigation or divulges only partial evidence, impeachment inexorably emerges a little more obviously as the only legal avenue to the full truth. As this happens, the political cost of nonimpeachment becomes higher than the cost of impeachment, and more Representatives will move to that position.

There are four primary reasons why the House has moved so slowly. The first is that the office of Vice President is unfortunately vacant, because Mr. Nixon's two-time choice for that position turned out to be a practicing felon. Republicans feel they are entitled to have another of their own ensconced in the number-two office before there is any talk about vacating number one. This may or may not be valid; some argue that Nixon and Agnew, not the Republicans, were elected to the White House; that Nixon and Agnew ran independently of the party; that there was no Republican mandate last year because Democrats actually polled more votes in Congressional races. Nevertheless, the feeling is widespread.

The second reason is that House Speaker Carl Albert, next in line for the Presidency until a new Vice President is confirmed, is determined that the day shall never come on which he awakes to find himself President. Until that possibility is removed, Albert is not inclined to let impeachment move too quickly.

Third, many liberals and Democrats believe the lingering nature of Mr. Nixon's incapacity will be to their partisan advantage in 1974 and 1976.

Fourth, millions of Americans still do not know what impeachment means. That, indeed, is the major impediment, and it is why the American Civil Liberties Union is gearing up, for the long haul, a nationwide campaign to educate the public about the nature and meaning of impeachment.

The ACLU campaign was launched the day after its national board of directors voted, on September 30, to seek the impeachment of Richard Nixon on a wide range of constitutional and civil liberties grounds. These include dozens of particular charges, grouped into six broad categories: establishment of a personal secret police which committed crimes; attempted interference in the

trial of Daniel Ellsberg; distortion of the system of justice; perversion of the function of executive departments of the government; usurpation of Congressional war-making powers, and violations of the rights of political dissent.

ACLU speakers have already appeared in almost every state, sometimes dozens of times, to present audiences with detailed evidence, all based on the public record and drawn mostly from Mr. Nixon's own statements or the sworn testimony of his closest aides, of the most serious and persistent pattern of constitutional violations in American history.

The ACLU has limited its bill of particulars to violations of the Bill of Rights and the Constitution, but there are other grounds for impeachment. Late in November, a Washington-based public interest law firm, after making a study financed by Stewart Mott, proposed a twenty-eight-count criminal indictment against Mr. Nixon. Besides civil liberties-related crimes such as illegal wire-tapping, suppression of free speech and assembly, interference with the Ellsberg trial, etc., the proposed indictment addresses possible financial crimes, such as conspiracy to defraud the United States, bribery, fraud, embezzlement and tax evasion. William Dobrovir, the attorney who chiefly drafted these allegations, is also arguing a lawsuit on behalf of Ralph Nader over alleged favors granted by the Nixon Administration to the milk industry.

Projects like these will keep before the public an awareness of the enormous scope of the official wrongdoing that must be uncovered. And there are other similar moves. The AFL-CIO, which issued a seventeen-point bill of particulars in calling for Mr. Nixon's impeachment, is moving strongly. It has already distributed nearly a million leaflets, and is carrying full-page articles on impeachment in the weekly *AFL-CIO News*. The federation will launch a direct lobbying effort in the House once specific impeachment resolutions come to the floor.

Another national organization, Americans for Democratic Action, has issued a bill of particulars calling for impeachment on some fifty grounds. (The National Emergency Civil Liberties Committee has also endorsed impeachment.) The NAACP and Common Cause will probably commit their resources to impeachment early next year. Many newspapers, notably from among those which endorsed Mr. Nixon last year, have now called for his impeachment.

Even so, many Americans feel that Mr. Nixon will be able to escape impeachment because the public is "tired" of the subject. They are only being misled by a temporary lull, which will last through December as citizens become preoccupied with the family and social activities related to the holidays. The same sort of lull occurred at summer's end last August, but the issue did not change. It came back more insistently than ever in September, and it will do the same in January.

One of the major reasons for being sure that it will be Mr. Nixon himself. He is the greatest force for his own undoing (as well as the undoing of those around him), and the greatest propeller of the impeachment

Arlie Schardt, associate director of the Washington National office of the ACLU, has been speaking across the country on behalf of the ACLU's impeachment campaign. However, in this article he is expressing his own views and not necessarily those of the ACLU.

campaign. His attempts to impede investigations and block full disclosures can only backfire and create still more crises. The public is already persuaded that if full disclosure would clear Nixon and his aides, we would have had full disclosure long ago (76 per cent told the Gallup poll last month that they believe Nixon is involved in at least a cover-up of the Watergate break-in).

From the day Nixon fired special prosecutor Archibald Cox, it was clear in every audience I spoke to—whether jaycees, a bar association, a church group, a law school, or the general public—that people understood that Nixon considers himself to be above the law. That single action crystallized this realization in the public mind. Every audience saw the Cox firing as an obvious attempt to obstruct the process of justice.

Nixon made that mistake because he sensed Cox's determination to get all the facts. But Cox's entire staff has remained intact under his successor, Leon Jaworski, and the investigation continues. Nixon cannot afford another confrontation with another special prosecutor, but he and Mr. Jaworski would seem to be on a collision course, unless one of them gives ground. And Mr. Jaworski can hardly do that, since any retreat would quickly be made public by angry staffers. So indictments will come, and with them will come more revelations, more headlines, more public pressure. Public attention will also be heightened next year when the Senate Watergate committee issues its judgments.

In short, too much is already on the public record, too many questions must now be fully answered, too many forces are already in motion, for the issue of Richard Nixon's conduct of the Presidency to fade away. Full disclosure must be achieved, and the only way to do that, the only way to hold Nixon accountable for his actions, is through the process of impeachment. Impeachment must be speeded by clearing away the four obstacles mentioned earlier. Fortunately, it is now happening.

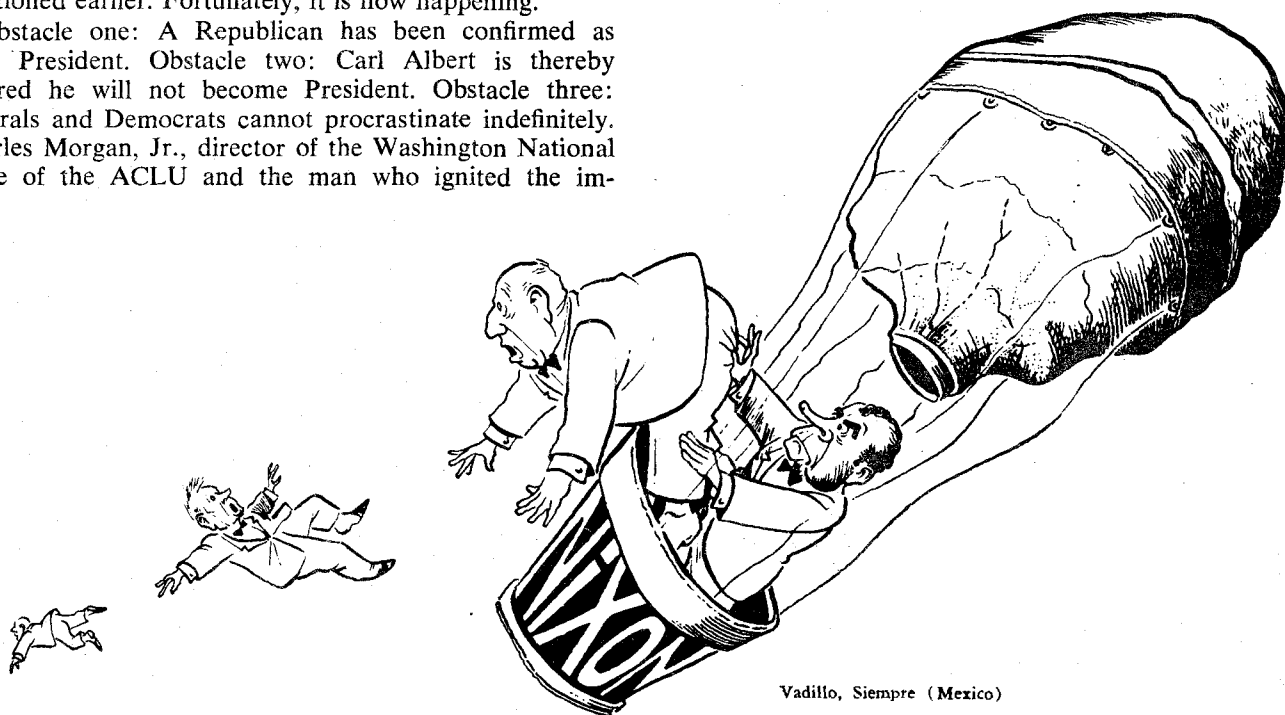
Obstacle one: A Republican has been confirmed as Vice President. Obstacle two: Carl Albert is thereby assured he will not become President. Obstacle three: Liberals and Democrats cannot procrastinate indefinitely. Charles Morgan, Jr., director of the Washington National office of the ACLU and the man who ignited the im-

peachment campaign, makes a prediction: "Many liberals, although they know full well impeachment is imperative if we are to remain a government of laws, are being indecisive for one or more of three reasons: the desire to look or to be 'nonpartisan'; to be or appear to be 'fair'; or to enjoy the political benefits of an unpopular President in the White House—'cause that's easier to run against. In other words, some of them seem to think they can retain the benefits of the issue without meeting its responsibilities. Some of them will keep thinking that way until someone favoring impeachment now *and* full disclosure announces against them in the primaries."

Obstacle three will also be cleared away as obstacle four—public misunderstanding about impeachment—is reduced. And that is the central purpose of the ACLU impeachment campaign: to point out that impeachment is not conviction, but is instead the finding that sufficient evidence of wrongdoing exists to bring a public official to trial. "Mr. Nixon is entitled to a full and fair trial before the Senate," says Morgan, "and we are entitled to have him tried."

Millions of Americans, reticent about impeachment because it is vague and unfamiliar, actually favor it already without knowing that they do. Pollsters are finding that when only one-third of those polled say they favor impeachment, two-thirds of the very same respondents favor bringing Nixon to trial. I have seen this confirmed in audience after audience across the country. Once people understand that impeachment is not a verdict of guilty, or a removal from office without a trial, but is rather a determination that a trial should be held, hesitation vanishes.

A second question many people ask about the impeachment process raises the issue of personal responsibility. How, listeners ask, can Mr. Nixon be held ac-



Vadillo, Siempre (Mexico)

countable for things he says he didn't know about?

The answer is that a President is responsible for the actions of his subordinates. That has been affirmed by decisions of the Supreme Court; but perhaps more important, in the case of impeachment, is the expressed intention of the framers of the Constitution. No one stated it with more relevance to today's situation than James Madison, who told the first Congress:

... it may, perhaps, on some occasion, be found necessary to impeach the President himself. . . . I think it absolutely necessary that the President should have the power of removing [subordinates] from office; it will make him, in a peculiar manner, responsible for their conduct, and subject him to impeachment himself, if he suffers them to perpetrate with impunity high crimes or misdemeanors . . . or neglects to superintend their conduct, so as to check their excesses.

It should also be added, regarding the question of Nixon's personal knowledge of alleged crimes or participations in a cover-up, that he has already admitted to some of them (such as limiting the FBI investigation of Watergate, authorizing the Huston plan for illegal political surveillance, withholding vital information from the Ellsberg trial) and his awareness of many others cannot be settled until all the evidence is brought out—which can be accomplished only through impeachment and trial.

A third matter important to an understanding of impeachment is just what constitutes an impeachable offense. Many people, including some members of Congress, believe essentially that Nixon cannot be impeached until he has been proven to have committed an indictable crime. (Hundreds of people are sending their Representatives' letters about impeachment to ACLU's National office in Washington, where they are being indexed.)

The fact is that the purpose of impeachment—looking all the way back through American history and English common law to 1388—has always been to deal with official abuses of governmental power, and to redress political crimes. Indeed, impeachment is the only non-judicial trial provided for in our Constitution, and *actual violations of criminal statutes are not required*. In the case of Nixon, however, both criminal and noncriminal (i.e., governmental) violations are being pressed in various resolutions.

The standard under which impeachment can be brought is best understood in such phrases as abuse of the public trust, misconduct in office, attempt to subvert fundamental law, injury to the nation.

It is the intent of the ACLU's impeachment campaign to clarify questions like those above for every American, on the assumption that, given this knowledge, millions of concerned citizens will let their Representatives know they want Nixon impeached. The campaign is being organized just like a national political campaign, except that the candidate is an issue (redress of constitutional grievances) rather than a person, and the goal, rather than high office, is to return the nation to the rule of law.

Every ACLU state affiliate is concentrating on the Representatives from its districts. A few, notably New

York, have already organized impeachment committees—composed of anyone who volunteers, ACLU members or not—within every Congressional district in the state. These committees will mount letter-writing campaigns, hold public meetings and workshops, distribute literature and bumper stickers, and urge others to call upon their Representatives to support impeachment.

ACLU speakers have appeared at literally hundreds of meetings, rallies, impeach-ins and town halls throughout the nation, and will speak at thousands more next year. Newspaper ads have run in more than thirty cities. Thousands of people have responded by donating money or volunteering to work. The Washington National office has published a detailed pamphlet explaining why Nixon should be impeached, and how the process works.

In the state of Washington, volunteers are conducting a door-to-door survey of an entire Congressional district. In Oregon, some Congressmen have held breakfasts to discuss impeachment. In California, ACLU impeachment offices are being set up in private homes. In Wisconsin, the state legislature held a public hearing on impeachment and was besieged with witnesses urging impeachment (state legislatures may bring impeachment resolutions before the Congress). In New Mexico, a direct mail campaign to registered voters is under way. In Virginia, citizens who paid \$3 to \$5 to sign ACLU street-corner petitions, contributed enough money to run ads in four newspapers. Storefront campaign offices are planned for several cities.

Although an unfortunate partisan tinge was attached to some early proceedings in the House Judiciary Committee, partisanship has no place in the impeachment campaign. As the realization grows that what we are dealing with is, among other evils, the most massive case of invasion of privacy in American history, Conservatives are joining the movement. Columnist James J. Kilpatrick has already called for impeachment, and George F. Will, Washington editor of William F. Buckley's *National Review*, recently wrote: "Since April 30, Congress, like the nation, has had no reason to consider Mr. Nixon innocent. Since late July, Congress has had sufficient reason to use impeachment proceedings to force Mr. Nixon to make full disclosure on his own behalf." Many Republicans up for election next year would like to see Nixon replaced by Ford.

Columnist Victor Gold, formerly Spiro Agnew's press secretary, proposes that we move away from all the rationalizations inherent in the multitude of proposed plans to restore the government's integrity (plans for resignation, special elections, etc.) and simply move back to "the Madison plan"—i.e., the Constitution. It provides just one remedy: impeachment.

Approximately 100 Representatives already have their names on resolutions to impeach, or to conduct impeachment hearings. Letters to constituents indicate that many more—from both parties—will do the same if the situation requires it. "Impeachment will probably become the dividing line between a clean-up or a cover-up," says one observer.

With all these tides flowing irresistibly together, only one question about impeachment remains: will it happen in March, or in April, or in May? □

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Writers of the Troubled Sixties

KERMIT VANDERBILT

Assembled in front of me are eight serious books of recent years that were also best-sellers, and that suggest answers to a pair of questions crucial to all of us in the present: What is the significant raw experience of the turbulent decade we have just lived through? And what meaning can we derive from this recent history as we advance into the 1970s? The eight books are William Styron's *The Confessions of Nat Turner* (Random House, 1967), Kurt Vonnegut's *Slaughterhouse-Five* (Delacorte, 1969), Saul Bellow's *Mr. Sammler's Planet* (Viking, 1970), John Updike's *Rabbit Redux* (Knopf, 1971), Bernard Malamud's *The Tenants* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1971), Philip Roth's *Our Gang* (Random House, 1971), and two pieces of the "new journalism," Norman Mailer's *Armies of the Night* (New American Library, 1968) and Tom Wolfe's *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1968).

These works taken together sum up a span of years in a particularly valuable way. Not only do their authors coerce the reader into responding with heightened vision to the upheavals of the 1960s—the turbulence of racism, minority rebellion, protest marches, police clubbings, drug busts, sexual liberation and more—but they also try to discover what meaningful form and movement lie within the radicalism, bewilderment and violence of these late years.

One danger always lurks in such comparisons as I am about to make. When one lumps together the apparently disparate works of several authors, there is naturally the risk of flattening the distinctive literary voice of each one. There may be real advantages, too. I find these eight writers surprisingly alike in their recent mood of expectation. Together they regard the legacy of the 1960s with the uneasy sense that an ending is at hand. They close their works on the far side of militancy and hoped-for liberation. In varying ways, they sound the penitential note of help-

less, will-less expectancy. We have arrived, they suggest, not at the threshold of resolution or of a new consensus but instead at moral stasis in our history, and now we await "the next step."

In what must be a severely compressed and highly opinionated literary history of these recent years, I begin with William Styron's *The Confessions of Nat Turner*. Six years after it survived the attack of angry black writers and intellectuals who, understandably enough, assailed Styron's "white liberal" distortion of Nat Turner as a black Hamlet, one can assess Styron's imaginative recasting of black history as the foremost literary event of 1967. No other writer who responded to the new black awareness of the period was to achieve Styron's historical range and his unsettling literary power. Rereading his "meditation on history" now, we can recognize more clearly that his controversial portrait of Nat Turner was a paradigm of the passions and deferred hopes of both militants and pacifists in the black movement of the 1960s. Like his thwarted successors 130 years later, Nat suffered the disabling inner conflict of the black revolutionary racing ahead of history, tormented by the contradictions of American religiosity and social injustice. The historical correlative served Styron as ballast and revelation, for 1831 "was, simultaneously, a long time ago and only yesterday."

Most important, Styron's evocation of the failure of Nat Turner's aborted rebellion set a mood that would recur among the other books we shall be coming to. It also anticipated, I believe, the reservations that now characterize our response to the entire decade. After the minor victories and disheartening setbacks of Nat's career (parallel with the slender civil rights gains of the 1960s, the freedom rides, the ashes of Watts), Styron sketched a moral denouement within the consciousness of his neurotic black hero. It was a blend of defiance, regret, penitence, and muted hope. "He that overcometh shall inherit all things," was Styron's benediction as Nat, his corpse flayed and disgraced, died a martyr. Was there in fact any sign of redemptive virtue in the fate of the defiant rebels of 1831? The evasions and facile pieties of Styron's closing pages indi-

cate his doubts on this point. And his uncertainty was soon to appear prophetic. Within months, another preacher of black America who had pioneered the more acceptable route of nonviolent confrontation, was to die a martyr's death on a motel porch in Memphis.

Readers who followed Nat Turner's march on the Virginia armory in 1831—"Study War" was Styron's title for his climactic episodes—were granted a vantage point for a latter-day march on the Virginia Pentagon of 1967. In *Armies of the Night*, Norman Mailer also dealt with a historical event, the weekend anti-war demonstrations in the capital during October 1967, and then tried as a novelist to assess the meaning of citizens' revolt against an unresponsive Establishment.

Like Styron and our other writers here, Mailer achieved aesthetic distance as it were willy-nilly, because of the bewildering pressures of a historical drama in progress around him. A modern-day Henry Adams, Mailer was alternately fascinated and comically bemused, involved and yet "in command of a detachment classic in severity." Both in and out of the game (in Whitman's classic phrase) he was able to anatomize American middle-class youth of the political New Left more brilliantly than any other writer of the period. Briefly, Mailer saw the confused kids of the 1960s as addicted to and at the same time resentful of modern technology, the schizoid victims of the new space-time continuum created by electronics. Their home remedy was LSD, orgy, tribal knowledge, and in 1967, the quixotic urge to march against the abstract "authority" entrenched in Washington. On their children's crusade, they advanced with no coordinated plan and with very little in the way of an informing ideology.

On the eve of battle, Mailer moved like a disengaged Henry V among these crusading innocents, himself a "Left Conservative" offended by the paranoid hawks and the disorganized doves. But his detachment slipped away as he joined the marchers toward the Pentagon ("greedy stingy dumb valve of the worst of the WASP heart, chalice and anus of corporation land, smug, enclosed, morally blind Pentagon, destroying the future of its own nation

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with each day it augmented in strength"). And the writing grew more impassioned when, demoralized and battle-weary, he turned to commemorate a few hundred young idealists who endured the all-night brutality of armed guards outside

the Pentagon. (Lyndon Johnson would praise the troops for their "restraint, firmness and professional skill" and soon rise 10 percentage points in the polls.) To Mailer, the march and night vigil was a rite of passage for "the spoiled

children of a dead de-animalized middle class." Touched by the moral courage of the few in "the land of warmakers," he composed a closing prayer that the acquiescent and hawkish at home, together with the young warriors in Viet-

From *BLUE SPACES* by Homero Aridjes
(Translated from the Spanish by W.S. Merwin and Betty Ferber)

7

The word that names neither reveals nor hides

*crystal ball moving
it casts the sounds of itself anywhere*

8

*The bird pictured just about to fly
remains motionless forever
with its feet on the quivering green
and its head in the blue of the air*

*behind it
a bridge is flying
nests and humming-birds rest
like drops of light
in the top of the tree*

9

*In faint colors
a bird leaps from a rock
women on the sea shore are waiting
for dawn to come down from the air
but already the light
has ripened on all the roads
like a fruit born of no tree*

10

*Coming to the fountains
dishevelled twining
in liquid rose-bushes
that flow without ceasing
it leaves its taste and the likeness
that its footsteps scatter
blue motion*

*moved in its silences
as the lip that trembles
when the glance feels
the light all around it
its body is a petal
of the rose of dawn
in the air that rocks
each hour named
for dissolved love
of air so slender
that as smoke it rises
two lamps light it
hearts caught
overflowing their oil*

11

*It wasn't the train that was coming
that hummed in the air like a blade*

it was the wind

*it was a long procession of the poor
travelling hand in hand*

*the trunk twisted the wood knotted
the color made into flame the flame tanned
and turned into skin turned into eyes
they were those shadows dressed in more shadows
those beings on whom a man hung
like an ochre on a faded cloth*

THE WORD

(Translated by W.S. Merwin)

*raises the sun
raises the virgin*

*raises the bread
the communion
and what it invokes*

*it's she who rules
she who brings together*

*lives in many dwellings
enters many forms*

*blows from the bottom of the water
in silence*

*rises from everywhere
burns and names*

THE ARK

(Translated by Betty Ferber)

*There are birds who bear on their wings
the green of the leaf and the stone's ochre
there are blue beasts flaunting in their stripes
shreds of halo or cloud where day still reigns*

*there are lions who scatter in their wake
claw-tracks like yellow ears of wheat
horses trembling in immobility
in a silence that seems about to leap*

*Fauna pricked to madness that have sprung
out of the wheatfield the sun and autumn
a joy of shapes sounds and colors
rocking and ringing in patches of light*

*a whole creation moving
playing in the splendor of animal purity
sailing harmoniously through the soul
of this ark of the living*

nam, be not damned forever. "Deliver us from our curse," was his plea. The means of this deliverance Mailer himself did not envision in the aftermath of what was to be the climactic protest march of the era.

Mailer's "drug-vitiated jargon-mired children" of the Pentagon March reappeared in more exotic dress the same year in Tom Wolfe's *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test*. Like Mailer and Styron, Wolfe is not chiefly valuable today for the journalistic or historical chronicle he compiled—in his case a record of the shenanigans of the novelist Ken Kesey and his attuned acid band of Merry Pranksters. For all his lively engagement with Kesey's tribe of "heads" gathered in the Bay Area, on a cross-country psychedelic bus trip, during Kesey's exile in Mexico, and so on, Wolfe was most impressive when he moved inward to assess the religious content of the drug movement in the 1960s. And like Styron and Mailer, he achieved here and there the detachment that allowed him to deliver a sobering verdict on it all.

In his adventures within the drug counter-culture on the West Coast, Wolfe found its devotees to be as disoriented as Mailer had found the more political Eastern youth. At first, the cultists thrived on each revelation of "the unspoken thing" shared in the ecstasy of the acid ceremony. But Wolfe, with Kesey himself, increasingly sensed that each "happening" was becoming a "dead still now" foretelling the end of a movement bankrupt of purpose beyond the endless recurrence—of the next and bigger acid test.

Even at the height of their safe proletarian caper, Wolfe observed, "the hip world, the vast majority of the acid heads, were still playing the eternal charade of the middle-class intellectuals—Behold my wings! Freedom! Flight!—but you don't actually expect me to jump off that cliff, do you?" Kesey at last was counseling "graduation" into the redemptive "next step" toward a new creativity. But his cryptic utterances were no longer on the wave length of his drug-weary disciples. Kesey's farewell in Wolfe's account was characteristically gnomic: "WE BLEW IT." Lacking what Mailer termed the "solid-as-brickwork-logic-of-the-next-step" adored by strategists of the political bureaucracy, Kesey's hipsters advanced toward no cause, embraced no ideology. At the Kesey-Leary university there were no prerequisites, no curriculum, no next step, no graduation. The psychedelic mystery ended and, as Wolfe had sensed, the "heads" were about to return to an undisturbing, non-

descript liberalism and to the safe bourgeois lives from which they had comfortably rebelled.

The vitality of fiction-as-history was represented in 1969 by Kurt Vonnegut's *Slaughterhouse-Five*, more pointedly than in Mailer's account of the "Children's Crusade." Vonnegut's novel, like Styron's, was conceived in the 1940s but shaped by the 1960s. Later in the same year came Saul Bellow's *Mr. Sammler's Planet*. Bellow's moral history of the period was far more "serious" and his art more traditional than Vonnegut's admittedly "schizophrenic" manner. Yet the two works now seem to me remarkably similar to each other and to the other works I am discussing. Vonnegut's Billy Pilgrim is one generation removed from Wolfe's acid heads. But he shares their pursuit of the religious mystery, their tripping out in order "to enter the new planet." Billy's trip is through inner space to his secret planet Tralfamadore. Mr. Sammler, too, travels through a geography of the mind. His is the visionary world of H.G. Wells and the mystic reaches of Meister Eckhart. Like Billy, Sammler fled through the winter forests of Western Europe, a traumatized and despairing escapee from the Nazis. In postwar America, both characters live in precarious detachment from the chronic ugliness of life around them. Once more, I neglect aesthetic shadings and contrasts within the works to explore this returning mood of the late 1960s.

Both Billy and Sammler are "in and out of the game." Billy is kept alive by the comfort of the A.A. serenity prayer, just as Sammler finds his relief in the penitence of Meister Eckhart. Sammler has an "intensely peculiar inward vision granted by his damaged left eye"; Billy becomes an optometrist dedicated at last, after his "trips" to Tralfamadore, to "correcting the lenses of American souls." One of Sammler's disciples urges him to appear on a New York City talk show and denounce this modern Sodom and Gomorrah: "You should speak like a prophet, like from another world." Billy does manage to appear on such a show but is expelled during a station break. He had hoped to speak like a prophet, explaining to Earthlings the placid optimism and humble acceptance with which Tralfamadorians view their destiny.

Indeed the controlling mood of Vonnegut's novel, from the overture-like themes of the title page to the curiously orchestrated and muted ending, must be viewed as penitential. "Teach us to care and not to care," T.S. Eliot says in "Ash Wednesday." The line describes Billy's response since his return from the 1945

Allied fire bombing of Dresden—on Ash Wednesday. Overall, Vonnegut's comedy is grim, horror without catharsis, hope for mankind on this planet all but abandoned. At the end the reader returns to Dresden, the desolate, burned-out city of 1945. In this closing flashback, however, Vonnegut arrives at a slight suggestion of historical optimism that has hardly advanced since that time: spring is at hand, the trees are leafing out, and one horse-drawn wagon appears, abandoned and coffin-shaped, but colored green. And the birds have survived to raise their complacent questionings in a universal language: "Poo-tee-weet?"

Bellow's Sammler, in his majestic meditations, tries like Billy to assume a moral stance that will allay the soul's troubled response to outer chaos. At the end of the 1960's he muses, "God Himself must be waiting surely." He wants to be "free from bondage of the ordinary and finite" and is repelled by the new "forms" that are meant to express "the uniqueness of the soul": hair, clothes, drugs, cosmetics, genitalia, body smells. Yet he is drawn back to the eccentrics and thieves, to the smells and lusts of his world. He welcomes the chance to lecture Columbia University students on British intellectual life of the 1930s, but almost at once is interrupted, insulted, and shouted into silence. The Will of the age again overpowers the humanist Idea when Sammler reports an elegant black thief who then threatens him with a phallic exhibition. Bellow's hero, a man of "explosive" moods, is fascinated by the black's commanding personality.

But to what end? Bellow's Sammler has no redemptive role to play in the closing episodes; his ultimate vision, expressed only to himself, calls for "compassionate utterance" to renew the older forms, gestures and words, "sounds of hope and desire, exclamations of grief," and thereby reaffirm the humanistic "contract" among mankind. Yet Sammler's abstract meditations leave the reader with a sense that "the disinterested spirit" of Bellow's hero forestalls active commitment to bonded humanity. Sammler and Bellow, with God Himself, must be waiting surely.

Meanwhile, John Updike appeared to be waiting his turn to make an assessment of the troubled era. His *Rabbit, Run* had ushered in the decade. In *Rabbit Redux*, Updike would bring his hero into the summer of 1969 and gauge the revolutionary changes of these ten years as they registered on the limited middle-class sensibility of hawkish and cuckolded Harry "Rabbit" Angstrom. As topical as a Dos Passos,

Updike controlled perspective and mood, like our other writers, through the detachment and engagement of his main character. Reluctantly, Rabbit takes a protective interest in a teen-age runaway, Jill, appears to deepen in compassion for the militant Skeeter and his Black Jesus fantasy, wants to understand his long-haired son.

But the reader is left asking, once again, what if anything the fictional hero has comprehended, how has he been shaken and changed as he prepares to live into the 1970s. Jill has been burned alive in Rabbit's "hospitality house" by a pair of racist neighbors. Skeeter is again on the run from the society he would overthrow. And though Rabbit is reunited with his wife, we leave them during an afternoon tryst in a motel where he warns that she not "expect anything, I'm still pretty screwed up." Despite the wrenching discussions with Skeeter, Rabbit has not been emptied of his jingoism or racism. One certainty he has gained is that his teen-aged son now hates him.

Virtually all that Updike appears to offer us is the routine symbolism of Rabbit's house burned to the ground. A purgatorial fire? Rabbit's own Ash Wednesday? From these ashes of his house of the 1960s will a new House of Angstrom rise in the 1970s? Perhaps Updike will write a further sequel. But as of 1969, moral stasis is still the dominant note. Rabbit is "adjusting in space" with "winged presences" hovering in his motel love burrow as he floats into sleep. The ambiguous ending oddly recalls Mailer's final line in *Armies of the Night*, an evasive closing which the poetic Updike himself might have written: "For we must end on the road to that mystery where courage, death, and the dream of love give promise of sleep."

The drama of black protest in America helped to ignite the recent novels of Styron, Bellow and Updike; *The Tenants*, Malamud's first novel in five years, was to be essentially a fable of art and racism, tinged with his familiar ingredients of pain, despair and clownish struggle. What I find conspicuously missing this time is the characteristic renewal of life and hope at the end. Unpublished Willie Spear-mint is unable to discover the "black art" that will express and shape his explosive program of hate and revolution. Turning to the white formalist Harry Lesser for tutorial help, he only shatters the precarious insulation of the Jewish writer's ascetic life, while becoming himself more and more the ascetic artist crippled by the pursuit of form. Meanwhile, Harry becomes a kind of Lawrenceian American paleface hankering

for the experience of the blood. He mingles with Willie's hip black crowd; he fornicates with a black woman; he steals Willie's white woman; and he leaves unfinished his novel of ideal love. With this comic reversal of roles, Malamud conceals for a time the clichéd polarities on which his tale depends.

The wedding of instinctual black and abstract white finally lies beyond the reach of Malamud's historical vision. He completes his fable on a chord which, by now, will sound familiar. Lesser and Willie end their paired careers in a mutual, anguished bloodletting. Perhaps Malamud is implying that cathartic suffering will point the way to reconciliation of the races. The epilogue is pronounced by landlord Levenspiel at the onset of spring: "Hab rachmones, I beg you. Mercy on me." Uttered at first selfishly and locally, his cry expands into a mercy intended, perhaps, for Harry and Willie and all of us.

Philip Roth rounds off our story in *Our Gang*, or *Nixon Redux*, a satire of the resurrected candidate of 1960 and his band of not-so-merry pranksters. (Roth's prophetic insight has since been confirmed: the book now carries the publisher's stamp, "Watergate Edition.") Mailer had written that "this new generation of the Left hated the authority, because the authority lied," all the way from the mass media and Madison Avenue on up to the White House. Roth focuses upon the lying authority at its highest expression, when the deceptions of John F. Charisma and Lyin' B. Johnson are surpassed by Trick E. Dixon. Malamud's Harry Lesser might speak for the transforming miracle of language. Roth revealed through satire how urgently we have needed that miracle over the past decade.

Roth's chapters center each time on the obfuscation of political language in the Nixon succession. The climax of this epic of verbal deceit occurs when Tricky, after his assassination, hits the comeback trail in hell, campaigning to unseat the Master Deceiver himself. What we should not miss here are the multiple targets of Roth's ridicule: the rhetorical make-believe of the Establishment press, the bogus profundities of the television commentator, the ponderous alliterations of the Vice President, and the mod-pulpit oratory of the Rev. Billy Cupcake. Nixon may epitomize the corrosion of mind and language in America, but he neither initiated nor monopolizes it. Roth's larger subject, then, is the decay of an entire society. His book recalls Swift and Orwell (whom he quotes) and Emerson as well. When an American President can use the same political language in hell as he did on

CRETE

*The black sparrows are
coming at us like black
clouds
they are priests flying into
the Greek temple.*

*They will sprinkle oil over us
and ordain us into sparrows
so we can fly over bones
and ordain them into sparrows.
We are dying
in nests of sorrows
in Crete.*

*Dancinglike bird
under your wings there is
pink flesh
almost human
What is moving you to fly?*

*Is it death underneath your
wings? In the tiny bones
where the flesh is pink with
small blood lines?
Fly like a sparrow.
Don't hear death calling
in whispers. There is no time
to waste.*

Rhoda Schwartz

earth and "humbly submit that he has what it takes in experience and energy to be the kind of Devil all you lost souls deserve," what does that say about America? The moral shock of Roth's outrageous satire is the suggestion that the gradual corruption of America, revealed in the corruption of official language, has been completed. He does not leave us in Mailer's purgatorial arrest, awaiting deliverance from the "liars who control the locks" in the Executive authority. Instead, we and *our gang* are already dead and damned.

Proponents of social change and betterment can be reminded, then, that our best writers in recent years have had no exuberant hopes for the 1970s. With black critics of Styron, one would like to believe that minority uprisings from 1691 to the 1960s have dotted our history with bright pivotal moments in the progress and freedom of the race. Styron will not reassure us. One would like to believe that the 1967 anti-war march on the Pentagon created a historic sensitizing of the American conscience. At most, Mailer implied, the events were a brutal rite of passage for several hundred young demonstrators. One might have hoped that the youth who passed through the drug culture and the new mysticism of the 1960s would create lasting, non-

materialistic goals for themselves. Already by 1967, Wolfe saw spoiled and exhausted hippies retreating to the sports-car lot, ready to play it safe and successful inside "the system." One might have hoped that Vonnegut could render the Dresden massacre a living horror for Americans who were morally uncertain about the meaning of the destruction of Vietnam. Instead *Slaughterhouse-Five* invoked a season of spiritual arrest, humility and penitence. And the bombing of Vietnam continued for another four years. One would have been comforted if the disapproving Artur Sammler had helped to leaven the lumpish jet set or the disoriented campus revolutionaries with an injection of old-world humanism. Bellow's hero participated in the new age only to indicate our need for "compassionate utterance" and then retreat into the unutterable secrets of his knowing heart. Obviously, Bellow had no hopeful resolution to offer. One would like to have thought that the Rabbit Angstroms of America had been in some way awakened by the youthful counter-culture, women's liberation and the black revolt. Instead, little of anything new crystallized for Rabbit. Like his real-life counterparts, he remained incrustated in his blue-collar slogans and prejudices. And Malamud's episode of interracial fellowship in America ended not in love but in murder and the penitential cry for mercy. Finally, Roth has delivered an apocalyptic *coup de grâce*, condemning not only an executive gang of double-talkers for whom evil is banal but perhaps also an American society become too apathetic to cherish the truth.

On the encouraging side, a society is fortunate in any age to have the most gifted writers in its midst dedicated to the mirroring and judging of contemporary history. But of the hundreds of thousands who have read these eight best-sellers, how many have cared to listen to the critique of their cherished creeds and illusions? Not long ago on Los Angeles television, a popular commentator rebuked Sen. William Proxmire who had criticized the investment of millions of dollars in Skylab to study the effects of weightlessness on the American astronauts. Proxmire suggested that the proper study of mankind are the ills of spaceship earth. But his television critic pointed to our need for a resurgence of national pride after our moral setback in Vietnam, the crumbling of our economy, and the uncomfortable evidence of the Watergate scandal. Skylab would undo in one stroke this assault on our self-esteem, he suggested, and return America to world pre-eminence. An alternative remedy for the national soul has been implied in the works noticed here, and the ingredients do not include

ingoistic pride, or monetary success, or illusions of purity and global omnipotence. Instead, we are directed to the age-old route of penitence, meditation and reassessment. Can anyone afford the pious hope that America's leaders and citizenry, on both the political Left and

Right, will somehow arrive at this spirit of national humility and recover from the arrogance and repression of the intolerant decade just passed? In that unlikely event, the 1970s might witness a humane climate of change as radical for Americans as the divisive 1960s. □

RECORDS 1973 / David Hamilton

(All recordings in categories I and II are stereophonic; those in category III are monophonic.)

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CHRISTMAS

Art Books, 1973

Lawrence Alloway

Books by *Nation* Contributors

Coming Next Week

II. REISSUES

DEBUSSY: *La Mer*. RAVEL: *Daphnis et Chloë*—Suite No. 2. Cleveland Orchestra; George Szell, cond. Odyssey Y 31928. \$2.98.

FINE: Symphony (1962); *Toccata Concertante*; *Serious Song*; *Lament*. Boston Symphony Orchestra; Irving Fine and Erich Leinsdorf, conds. Desto 7167. \$5.98.

STRAVINSKY: *Jeu de cartes*; *Scènes de ballet*. Cleveland Orchestra, CBC Symphony Orchestra; Igor Stravinsky, cond. Columbia M 31921. \$5.98.

III. HISTORICAL RECORDINGS

BACH: *The Well-Tempered Clavier*. Wanda Landowska, harpsichord. RCA Red Seal VCM 6203 (Book I) and VCM 6204 (Book II). \$6.98 each (two discs each; recorded early 1950s).

BEETHOVEN: Cello Sonatas Nos. 1-5. Pierre Fournier, cello; Artur Schnabel, piano. Seraphim IB 6075. \$5.96 (two discs; recorded 1947/48).

Symphony No. 8; *Leonore Overture* No. 3 (and rehearsal excerpt). Stockholm Philharmonic Orchestra; Wilhelm Furtwängler, cond. EMI DaCapo C 053-93 533. \$5.98 (recorded 1948).

BERLIOZ: *Les Nuits d'été*; other songs. Eleanor Steber, soprano. Columbia Symphony Orchestra; Dmitri Mitropoulos and Jean Morel, conds. Odyssey Y 32360. \$2.98 (recorded c. 1952).

ELGAR: Symphonies Nos. 1 and 2; Violin Concerto; Cello Concerto, etc. Various artists. Sir Edward Elgar, cond. EMI/Odeon RLS 708. \$29.90 (five discs and book; recorded 1926/31).

MAHLER: *Das Lied von der Erde*. Kathleen Ferrier, alto; Julius Patzak, tenor. Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra; Bruno Walter, cond. Richmond R 23183. \$2.98 (recorded 1952).

MOUSSORGSKY: *Boris Godunov*—excerpts (and other Russian opera arias). Feodor Chaliapin, bass, with orchestra. Seraphim 60211. \$2.98 (recorded 1925/31).

Pictures from an Exhibition. Sviatoslav

Richter, piano. Odyssey Y 32223. \$2.98 (recorded 1958; with Ravel orchestral version).

SIBELIUS: Symphonies Nos. 3 and 5. London Symphony Orchestra; Robert Kajanus, cond. Symphony No. 6. Finnish National Orchestra; Georg Schneevoigt, cond. Symphony No. 7. BBC Symphony Orchestra; Serge Koussevitzky, cond. EMI/World Record Club SH 173/4. \$11.90 (two discs; recorded 1932-34).

WAGNER, et al.: *Operatic Scenes*. Lauritz Melchior, tenor, with orchestra. Seraphim IB 6086. \$6.96 (two discs; recorded 1926/35). □

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

Since science fiction is where one turns for inventive, untrammelled and often disturbing hypotheses on contemporary social and ethical maladies, I went with considerable eagerness to *Westworld*, a picture written and directed by Michael Crichton, author of *The Andromeda Strain*. *Westworld* is an extrapolation into tomorrow of Disneyland, and that peculiar bonanza, catering to mass discontent with life, is proliferating with alarming rapidity. Just last month, the press reported a plan by the Marriott Corporation to build "Great America" on 80 acres (adjoining an 85-acre parking lot) midway between Chicago and Milwaukee, and a few days later came word that another group of "leisure time" entrepreneurs were preparing a similar project for central New Jersey.

Initially, it did seem that Crichton was going to serve up some exotic food for thought. Out in the badlands somewhere, a travel outfit has a medieval castle, a Roman vacation villa and a frontier town, where for \$1,000 a day jaded guests may refresh themselves with jousting and wassail, vine-leaved Saturnalias, or cowboy high spirits with red-eye, whores and Colt .44s. Encounters with the natives are whatever you fancy, from lust to homicide, for all of them are robots (a pejorative misnomer, I think, because facsimiles of such stunning excellence are surely entitled to be called hominoids) and their responses are electronically programmed and controlled from a subterranean space center resplendent with computers.

Here's a promising ethical stew. What are we to think of rich young and not so young men and women who will pay through the nose for the privilege of

dressng up in fancy clothes and plugging objectionable strangers whom they cannot distinguish from their fellow men (only the guns know flesh from plastic)? Or if that seems therapeutically acceptable, given the inhibitions of modern urban living, what about the dudes from Chicago who romp in bed with machines designed to be warm, ingenious and insatiable? If you can't tell the difference, is there any; and when you come down to it, is there any way, short of major surgery, to distinguish these dolls from the sort of companion a fellow might find in a Miami convention hotel?

We use people as objects—not to do so these days is to make some odd saint of yourself—so it is not much of an ethical jump to produce the objects for use. As for fantasy living, you can run into Robert E. Lee and Dracula on the streets of Greenwich Village any night. Crichton is on to something, and the movies, where they have been building cardboard environments and peopling them with extras since the days of Griffith, is the right medium for his purpose. Furthermore, he carries off his somewhat plausible invention with ghoulish humor and technical wit.

But then, about halfway through the picture, he shifts to a chase melodrama that I find much less entertaining. It seems that an infection has struck Westworld (and the other worlds). The operators cannot put a name to it, which is surprising, since what all the automata are coming down with is free will. The black knight over in Medievalworld won't let himself be lopped by a broadsword, Nubians in the Roman baths are practicing ambiguous atrocities, out in the desert a remote-control rattlesnake strikes a guest and the meanest killer in town (Yul Brynner) begins to stalk his victim for real. Meanwhile the air conditioning breaks down in the control room, and soon all the engineers are dead.

It is fun for a bit to see through Brynner's multifaceted eyes (they break the world down into graph coordinates and respond to heat rather than to light) and he, alone among the manikins, manages to get just enough ersatz into his assumed humanity to make you uncomfortable. But the revolt of the robots is a very old idea by now, and talk about whether or not computers can have nervous breakdowns is semantic piffle. Meanwhile, I've seen countless gunfights that were a lot better than this one, and whatever point the picture started out to make gets lost in a waxworks horror show. While the fun lasted, though, it was first rate.

Years ago, when *The March of Time* was enriching the theatre chains,

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it produced a chapter on Huey Long, showing how he went about the business of being the Kingfish. Made from well-edited newsclips, and because Long was a hypnotic performer, it was a memorable documentary. But some of the most memorable passages were shot in a bedroom and adjoining bath, with Huey in considerable disarray, and perceptive viewers soon satisfied themselves that, in these scenes, they had witnessed a most skillful impersonation. However, movie audiences are not conspicuous for perception, and there was considerable conversation at the time about the advisability of mixing enactments, however scrupulously "true in spirit," in with the real stuff. The problem was never resolved, probably because *The March of Time* ceased operations soon thereafter, and now it is back with us again in a slightly different form.

The moving spirit is Costa-Gavras, whose *Z*, *The Confession* and *State of Siege* have stimulated a wide assortment of imitations. Costa-Gavras is a leftist, and most film reviewers are at least liberals, so the point has not been pressed very hard, but the fact is that recent events of some importance are being tinted and reshaped by fiction and passed off to very large audiences as history.

AGAINST THE SHINING BIRD (Brooklyn Botanical Gardens)

*lying between trees I think
discipline in leaves and music
petioles originate at a center*

*I close my palms
against the shining bird
who would take me from here*

take the grass print from my cheek

*spring's sometime will never come
I think skin deep in shells
in calcium petals*

*in the white tree top
waist deep a girl in red*

her hands' open doors

*frame darkness her mouth
calls down the corridor
between cherries blossoming*

*she calls her horse
still far away calling
she feels a thundering not hooves*

her blood gallops

*I had forgotten how the wind
knocks blossoms down*

Carolyn Stoloff

No villains have as yet been detected at work, but it is a mode wide open to villainy, and I predict that this almost too entertaining school of film making will produce a scandal before long.

Sidney Lumet's *Serpico* is not that occasion; indeed it is a well-written and superbly directed account of the conditions in the New York police force, as uncovered by the Knapp Commission when the original *Serpico*—an honest cop—blew the whistle. Nevertheless, *Serpico* raises an interesting problem that runs through all the films of this sort that I have seen. They are all built around a central character—that is to say, an actor—and actors are by trade more vivid than other people. This quality can have a distorting effect on the content of the film.

Thus Lumet's picture is a "triumph" for Al Pacino, and the achievement of his performance inevitably changes the relative weight of events. One is led to feel that *Serpico* himself also triumphed, which is probably not the case (unless, that is, you believe that the Knapp Commission had a deep or lasting effect on police corruption). As an undercover agent, working mostly in the areas of drugs and the numbers, Pacino wears a series of bizarre but ingratiating costumes. He is an exceedingly appealing performer, looking a little like the young Buster Keaton and acting throughout with the innocent courage, seasoned with a formidable instinct for mayhem, of Dustin Hoffman. I never saw *Serpico* on television, and of course I never watched him run down a thief, jump across a yawning tenement airshaft, or practice judo on a fellow cop in a precinct station corridor, but to me Pacino looks bigger than life; and, though the picture makes no such point, I left the screening with a notion that *Serpico* had beaten some sense of responsibility into the venal heads of New York's Finest.

Serpico hits all the right notes—most notably, that an honest cop is a danger which the prevailing police system cannot tolerate—but it makes them from a personal, almost inevitably sentimental, point of view. *Serpico* may indeed have loved pets and pretty girls, he may have employed the fastest tongue and most dangerous fists in the five boroughs, he may have been driven to the edge of madness by the violence done to his vision of what police work should be, he may have been gentle with the weak, patient with the stupid and ruthless toward the vicious, but the film becomes adulatory to a degree that makes me uncomfortable. We are dealing with a man of conscience—presumably a rare enough phenomenon in police circles—we don't require that he be Lancelot as well.

The supporting cast is less subject to fictional polish and it is a masterpiece of type casting and character acting. But here too the good guys and the bad guys take their positions with a precision that makes me wonder if life really is ever a game of checkers. I'm not trying to decry Lumet's achievement; on its own terms, it is splendid, a gripping entertainment that tries to deal honorably with serious matters. But still it is show business (why else employ Theodorakis, the Greek darling of the international set, to write music for a story about New York?). For all its good intentions, it necessarily puts a soothing gloss on a sordid and tenacious evil. □

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

Of the two New Phoenix Repertory Company productions—Friedrich Duerrenmatt's *The Visit* and Georges Feydeau's *Chemin de Fer*—I much prefer the latter (Ethel Barrymore). Feydeau's frivolity is brilliant; Duerrenmatt's importance is synthetic. Feydeau's play is admirably directed by Stephen Porter (whose best work it is); *The Visit* is staged by Harold Prince (a proficient producer of musicals), and his work here is close to amateurish.

There was a buried torment and the lyricism of regret in Alfred Lunt's playing of *The Visit* (with Lynn Fontanne) when in 1958 it was presented here under Peter Brook's visually arresting direction. John McMartin handles the Lunt role almost entirely on one note, the lachrymose. And while Rachel Roberts is a competent enough actress, she has neither the bizarre glamour nor the cold ferocity her part demands. The settings by Edward Burbridge are "practical" without artistic utility, "cheap" without economy—besides being pictorially dreary.

Duerrenmatt calls his play a "tragic-comedy" and says further, "Nothing could harm this comedy with a tragic end more than heavy seriousness." I found little of either comedy or tragedy in the new production. True, Duerrenmatt speaks of the baleful lady who is the play's dominant figure as a sort of Medea, which has trapped at least one reviewer into imitating him in this regard. The play is an "allegorical" contrivance to expose the corruption of capitalism. Duerrenmatt would probably deny this and at most avow that its theme has to do with retribution: one sin brings on others. It is "interesting."

The inhabitants of a small Swiss town have driven from their midst a woman who has had an illegitimate child, the father disclaiming any responsibility for it, so that he can marry a girl with a dowry. The father perverts justice through bribery and gets away with it. The deserted girl, in a foreign country, becomes a prostitute; then, through marriage to one of her wealthy clients, becomes one of the richest widows in the world. In reprisal for the injury done her, she secretly buys all the town's resources, returns, and offers to make a gift of half a million marks to its inhabitants and another half million to restore municipal affluence, provided that the man who seduced and abandoned her be killed. The honest citizenry begins by rejecting the monstrous proposal, but are soon led to carrying out the murder more or less collectively.

The tale is told with a quasi-expressionistic grimace; there are "leftist" implications. The protagonist appears to own all the property, not only in her birthplace, but everywhere else. She is thoroughly "mechanized": she has a wooden leg, her hand is of ivory. Asked if she is "all artificial," she answers, "practically." "Everything is to be bought," she says. We are expected to see her side of the conflict, to grant a degree of "justice" to her cause when she says, "The world turned me into a whore. I shall turn the world into a brothel."

The pattern of the play is plain, the outcome a foregone conclusion. But Duerrenmatt is clever, an astute popularizer who has learned how to use every theatre device to make coin out of all contemporary social criticism originally set forth by more authentic artists. Though he devalues the metal he borrows, his play "works."

On the other hand, Feydeau, who wrote most of his plays between 1896 and 1916, learned the rules of dramatic structure as understood in the 19th-century realistic theatre and gave them triumphantly original employment. This structure reflects the rationalism of the industrial age: it is mathematically precise with nothing wasted. In this mode it is difficult to attain the freedom of tragedy, but Feydeau was a cynical comedian with little love for the tainted, complaisant, pleasure-bent middle class of the Third French Republic. (He was a gambler and a speculator on the stock market.) His work was not consciously written as satire, but it has become satire. He turned the major preoccupation of the well-heeled bourgeoisie, its bedroom high jinks, into farce.

The logic of events in Feydeau farces,

once granted their premises, soon become only slightly distorted images of reality, and the cunning of their development through multiple ramifications of ever greater absurdity are at the core of the fascination of Feydeau's work. But on seeing *Chemin de Fer* for the third time (I saw an earlier Stephen Porter production at the Mark Taper Theatre in Los Angeles), I grew aware that it was not only the construction of the play which made it so hilarious but the fun of the dialogue.

Rachel Roberts is much better here than in *The Visit*; so is the entire company. Even where there are inadequacies in typecasting or in comedic aptitude, the verve of the direction compensates for them. A special word of commendation is due Richard Venture: he has the only "straight" role and his playing of it is exactly what is needed to keep the shenanigans from becoming too unsteady for the suspension of disbelief.

If I didn't know better, I might have come away from *The Good Doctor* (Eugene O'Neill Theatre) with the impression that Chekhov was the Russian Neil Simon. Simon loves Chekhov—especially, it would seem, his funny and sentimental side—but is that a reason for making a Broadway holiday of the fact?

The Good Doctor is a series of skits (with a smattering of music) wrought

from some of the Chekhov stories. A few of them are amusing—in a Neil Simon way. One of them manages to be touching, if you know the poignant speeches which so beautifully conclude *The Three Sisters*. Another, a little gem, about the civil servant who dies of a broken heart because he has offended his boss by accidentally sneezing on him during a play, comes out pointless in Simon's treatment—and the casting—of it.

I did not find the evening disagreeable—on television, I might have considered it a superior show—but what struck me was the crucial difference between Chekhov and the local vein of comedy. Even in his lightest moments, Chekhov is modest, gentle, tender, above all delicate and, as it were, *chaste* when the material itself is crude. Simon, I am sure, appreciates this, but the New York touch is always a little crass, obviously nudging, without heart.

Tony Walton's setting is handsomely expert, with costumes to match, but they, too, contribute to an atmosphere of slickness altogether foreign to Chekhov's mellowness. The company, headed by the always dashing Christopher Plummer of the winningly intelligent smile, is hardly to be faulted, Frances Sternhagen and Marsha Mason being my particular favorites. René Auberjonois is fine as a beggarly sharper; Barnard Hughes as a uniformed bureaucrat. □

ARCHITECTURE / JANE HOLTZ KAY

Americans move—fourteen times in an average lifetime is the estimate. Of all the world's so-called stable nations, ours is the most nomadic. And, I suppose, if the one in five of us who moves each year were logical products of evolution, like the turtle, our architecture would move with us. We would have a truly portable architecture. It might be a wraparound, designed to slot into some nice environment, with earth and shade trees, and no built structures at all to crystallize the neighborhood.

Although the United States does have built structures, it has done its illogical best to perpetuate a semblance of portable architecture. Like it or not, consciously or not, America is designed on the premise of movement: its 19th-century frontier towns were laid out as façades along a strip of road where the wagons ran; its 20th-century cities and suburbs have followed the dictates of auto movement, tucking into the rings of asphalt in our monstrous highway system. In the tradition of mobile archi-

itecture, George Washington himself slept on a portable folding cot, and to this day people point to the covered wagon as America's most arresting architectural symbol: was it not restaurant and home, workshop and school to those pioneer families for a solid year? It is the same long year that some 20 per cent of us now spend in more conventional 1970s "homes" before moving on. (Other observers update the covered-wagon symbolism, claiming that the 7 million Americans who own mobile homes are living in today's image of a "portable architecture.")

Currently, New York's Museum of Contemporary Crafts is corroborating these conclusions on the country's transient life in an exhibition called "Portable World." It is the first exhibition to my knowledge to trace how our restless life style, in the museum's words, "demands compact, lightweight, multi-functional furnishings"; the first to assemble evidence of a you-can-take-it-with-you architecture. Tents and gypsy wagons,

back packs and geodesic domes, mobile homes and space capsules fill out a show with several hundred samples and still more slide selections. The portable objects and environments date back to Washington's cot (1780) and forward to the moon, touching or unreeling every design that one might think of in between.

Unfortunately, the show is somewhat flip; more sadly still, it is an ill-conceived treatment of a vital topic. Unable to decide whether America's mobility and hence its relation to portable architecture is a passing phase or an urban characteristic; not certain whether to applaud or deplore a society that promoted portability, the museum offers a collection of objects but no coherent exhibition. A potentially important show becomes an eclectic entertainment.

There are artsy-craftsy, if quite handsome, embroidered tents for Beautiful People roughing it in the wilds of some Long Island beach, and portable greenhouses for plush suburban plantophiles; there is a surrealist walking man sculpture, and there are slick portable trays, chairs and tables such as only the Italians can design. The slide sequence shows us, but too fast to focus upon, instant cities and membrane shelters, the portable inflatable architecture shaped by men in a hurry—in a hurry to fight wars and build schools, to serve transient scientific populations and world Expos. Super-tents and other technologically dramatic constructions are rising throughout the world; their Buck Rogers outlines need consideration. But this rare chance to consider such modes is lost as the "media aides" flip by. Aiming at historic inclusiveness, the museum's collection loses its audience's attention. One longs for a book on the subject.

Upstairs in the museum's 2-story town house is the portable architecture; downstairs are the portable objects. Downstairs, another slide show—this one narrated—gives a relentlessly upbeat commentary on Mobility, U.S.A. The sequences splice the blighted views of Las Vegas neon and Holiday Inns with shots of futurist trains and hydrofoils, all the while declaiming in full Voice of America tones that "we have the capacity of being lords of the manor and kings of the plain." Lords of the manor! Have we learned no ecological lessons? This is a deplorable and amateurish piece of promotion, blatantly flourishing the brand marks of sponsors like GMC.

Perhaps the Museum of Contemporary Crafts should never have ventured from the craft field. Or perhaps, like the rest of us, the show's organizers need a good grounding in architectural realities. They might have begun with

SONG OF AN EYE'S OPENING

*The small bow of color taken
into the vanishing wave
slides back across sand,
rests at my feet. In my
hand it becomes a disc
of abalone in a hand
I've never seen before.*

*In the mask of flesh
that supports the shining
mask of shell, the mute bones
are suddenly articulate,
poised with a grace not mine
—then my palm is become
a face with a rainbow eye
opening in it, opening
as my own eyes uncontrollably
close to its gaze; it disappears,
restoring to my human hand
the bright inhuman glow.*

William Pitt Root

the trailer or mobile home, so synonymous with the "Portable" title of the exhibition. Close to 7 million of these bleak boxes dot the landscape. You see them in the most empty, often most beautiful places. They huddle on the West Coast, grimly grabbing at the hills of the California shoreline, as if they knew their anticipated life was a mere eight years. They sit forever immobile and usually hated in the outer suburbs and rural regions. Squeezed into substandard boxes by economics and the lack of architectural alternatives in American life, punished by the municipalities which they drain, the people who tenant them nonetheless have a life of their own. Two million are sold a year. It is a life based on need.

The museum responds to this need with the cute and dated portrait of John and Lizzie Wilson, posed before their vintage trailer. There is Mrs. Wilson of a few years back, watering a garden about the size of a generous coffin before her home, before the awning and parrot, before the picket fence and paraphernalia of middle-class life. The photo mocks the Wilsons' aspiration, the museum's supercilious look at this symbol of "portable architecture" betraying a cold unawareness. After this portrait should come legislation to provide some protection against the real shambles of the period's "Ma and Pa" Trailer Parks, sorry places, then and now; behind the home-sweet-home cunning of this photograph lies the failure of American architecture and American society at large to provide decent options for millions of Americans.

If the exhibition (like our attitudes

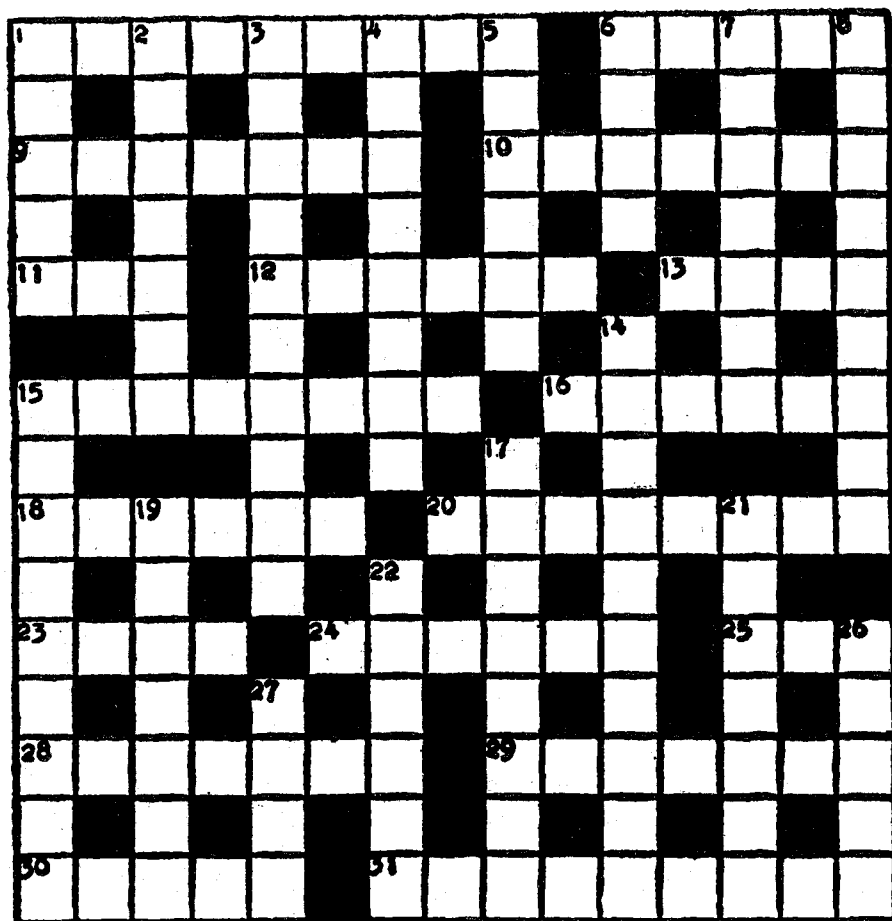
toward immobile mobile housing) needs grounding in architectural reality, it also needs an updating in 20th-century urban planning. "Contemporary man tends to take his mobility for granted," says the catalogue. "Planes, ships, trains and cars have enabled him to cross oceans and continents with speed and accuracy." You need not be architect or urban planner to know that nothing could be further from 1973's truths. Movement on the macro scale (man to moon) may continue. Up go the spacecraft. But the slowness and frustrations of inner-city auto movement compounded by fuel crises and air pollution legislation have already pushed American planning to the strongest anti-highway designs ever. And, as for air movement, the flight from city to city will soon experience as great frustrations as cities hostile to noise and pollution can devise. In other words, only the mindless can take their mobility for granted today. An architecture of the past which sacrificed all amenities to mobility must change. And, as portable architecture (the tent, the trailer, the dome) is in fact not portable, so mobility is no longer a simple pack up and go. Acknowledgment of such contemporary conditions is the essence of good design. This show might have helped.

"Initially," says the catalogue, "man moved only to survive." The igloo, the tepee, even the gypsy wagon, it implies, were essential; today's architecture is not. But man is still moving to survive: from home to office, office to office; the options change, the struggle lessens, but today's job demands and yesterday's starvation have parallels beyond the simple-minded historical clichés omnipresent in this exhibition. Alas, such comments typify the grade-school primer approach of the written and exhibited material. The exhibition "was made possible through a grant from the Ford Motor Company Fund." Such patronage may or may not have dictated the results; if it did, the museum should stick to embroidered sleeping bags.

It is fine to speak of portable architecture and good fun to see fancy back packs and solar cookers, Volkswagen campmobiles and station wagons with bubble tents. But it is not enough for a generation in architectural flux. Those who hanker for a thoughtful discussion of "Portable World"—the transients among us trying in vain to fit their left-handed refrigerators into their new right-handed locales; the poor among us compressed into miniaturized houses (maximized automobiles?)—want more than frolic and the diehard (but dying) myths of the auto age impressed upon their view of architecture. □

Crossword Puzzle No. 1516

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

- 1 and 14 down Implying the early bird might have a chance for an ace soonest. (5,4,5,5)
- 6 and 25 Proving a sharp stroke at table, on purpose, might make the rubber. (8)
- 9 What happened when the sailor was injured? Turkey went this way! (7)
- 10 Artists clothing, or where they might be found. (7)
- 11, 4 down and 18 across It might have gone down well in poetry. (3,3,5,6)
- 12 One doesn't look so well in such a cap.
- 13 Style of part of Valentino, by the sound of it. (4)
- 15 Possibly touches up the remainder with such things as gold, rather crudely. (8)
- 16 It suggests the breathing difficulty I have might be due to an unwholesome exhalation. (6)
- 23 The sort of animal contained in 15 down, or at least back of one. (4)
- 24 A sleeper might have them. (6)
- 28 One might find it miles up, sometimes like a wave. (7)
- 29 Making bread, as they say. (7)
- 30 You might tend to act like one. (5)
- 31 However, one could just as easily use it to make instant coffee. (9)

DOWN

- 1 Timothy told us to do it to the good one. (5)
- 2 Would rifling keep them from going

straight? (7)

- 3 They might be seen to help calls. (10)
- 5 Made a current motion someone like Sen. Kennedy passed on. (6)
- 6 Certainly not a good average! (4)
- 7 What the contents of 31 does, and looks around the article therein. (7)
- 8 In general, 13 states, or possibly a co-state's found there. (4,5)
- 15 Proving the king of beasts isn't loyal? One might even consider it revolting! (9)
- 17 Three articles placed around them might prove a real curse. (8)
- 19 The Yankee type isn't the kind associated with Seville, perhaps. (7)
- 21 He might be used to eye-ball to eye-ball confrontations. (7)
- 22 and 20 across The lot of a Foreign Legionnaire once, though a matter of military punishment if one does. (6,4,4)
- 27 and 26 Not a very happy bird, symbolic of NRA. (4,5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1515

ACROSS: 1 and 4 Land on one's feet; 10 and 18 Captive audience; 11 and 15 Brother-in-law; 12 Emits; 13 and 23 One World; 14 Tells; 17 Readjust; 21 Serrated; 26 Ogres; 28 Ice; 29 Franc; 30 Garotte; 31 Content; 32 and 33 As mad as a hatter. DOWN: 1 and 25 Lucrezia Borgia; 2 Nuptial; 3 Omits; 5 Noble; 6 Sport; 7 Exhales; 8 Thrush; 9 Democrat; 16 War; 19 Jaw; 20 Educator; 22 Eardrum; 24 Reagent; 27 Sited; 28 Items; 29 Fonda.

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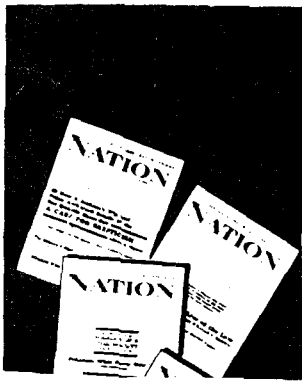
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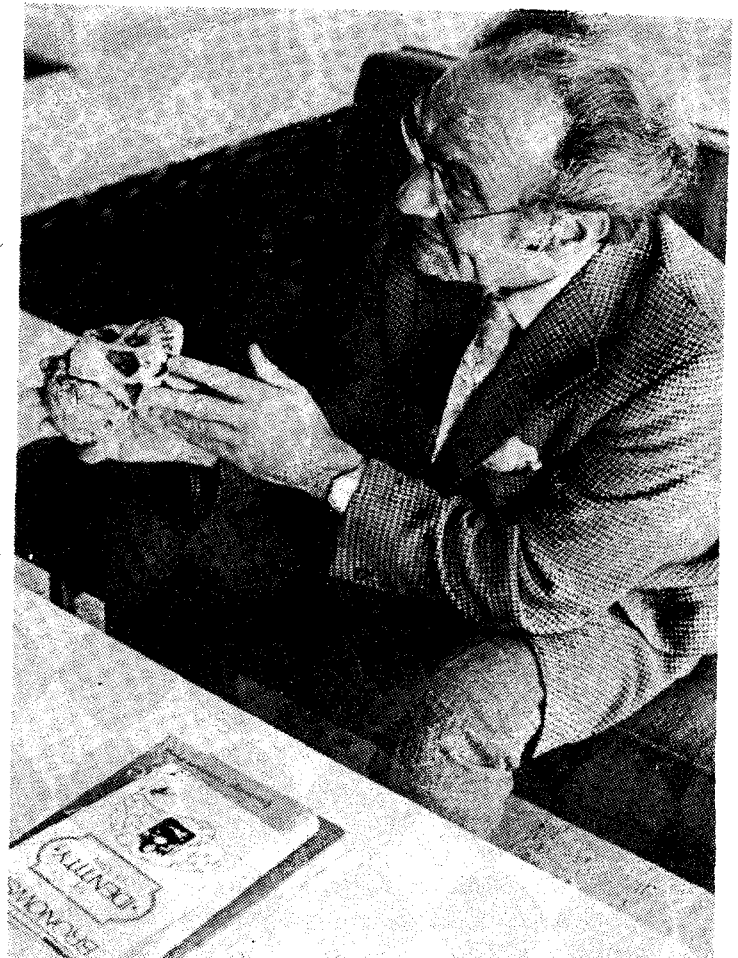
Traditionally, The NATION ends each year with an issue of special significance. 1973 will be no exception. The feature of our Dec. 31, 1973 issue will be the last chapter of "The Ascent of Man," Dr. J. Bronowski's forthcoming book to be published by Little, Brown and Company.

This will be the third time The NATION has devoted special issues to Dr. Bronowski's work. On Dec. 29, 1956, we carried his "Science and Human Values"; on Jan. 4, 1964, "The Abacus and the Rose."

The multi-faceted Dr. Bronowski—mathematician, poet, historian, teacher, biologist—is at present a Senior Fellow of the Salk Institute for Biological Studies in San Diego. His approach to science is that of the humanist. In a literary style both profound and loving, his new book traces man's development in terms of the special gifts which make him unique among the animals.

Watch for this landmark excerpt from "The Ascent of Man" in our Dec. 31, 1973 issue!

The author at his home, with an endocast of the Taung child's skull. A copy of his book 'The Identity of Man' is on the table. La Jolla, California, 1973.



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